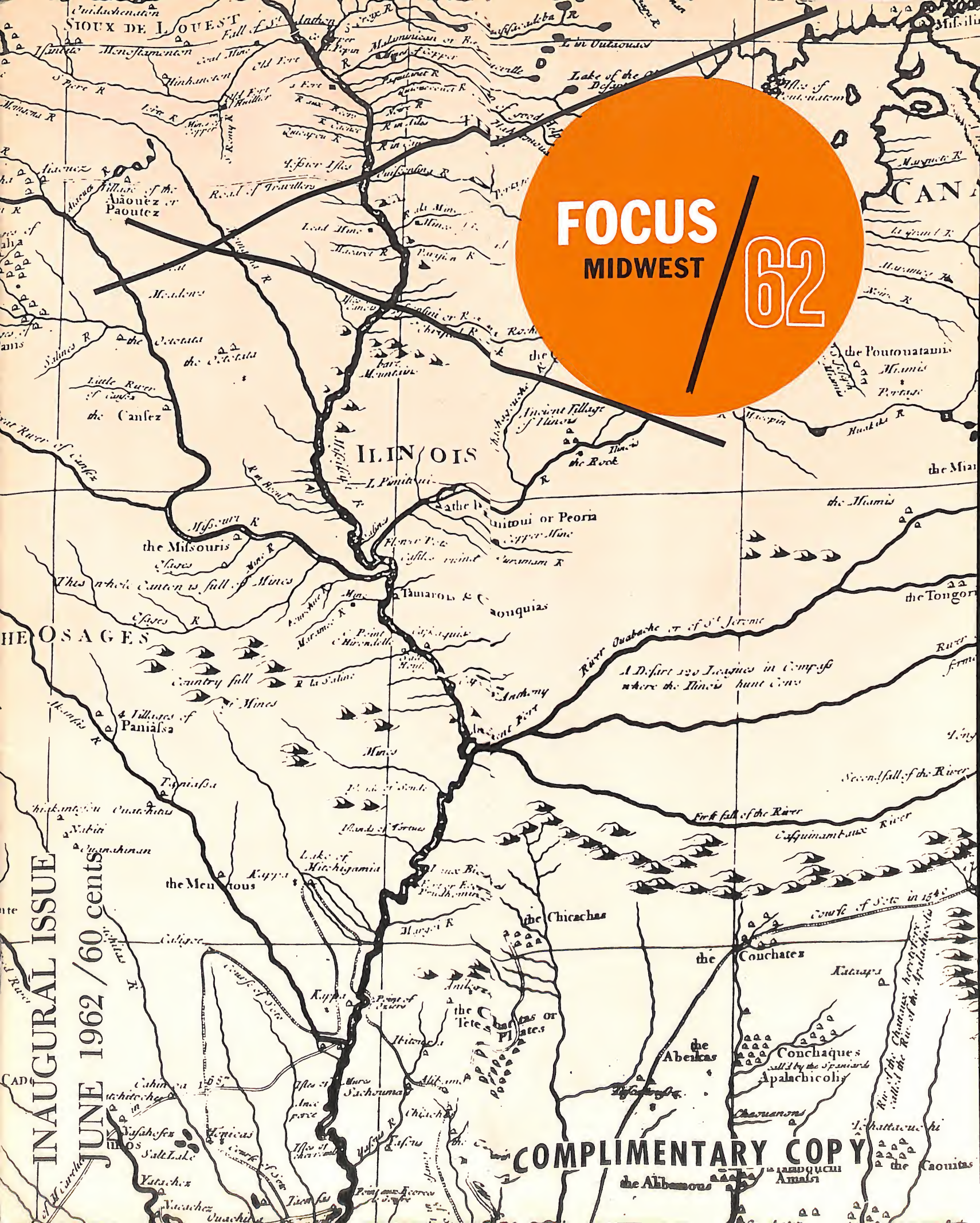


FOCUS
MIDWEST

62



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OUT OF FOCUS

(Readers are invited to submit items for publication, indicating whether the sender can be identified. Items must be fully documented and not require any comment.)

Darrell F. Holmes, Jr., Kansas City's new chief of police, reports the *Kansas City Star*, stressed that a 6-week police academy will teach "how to meet the public." Instructions will be in firearms, arrests, judo, juvenile control, and criminal investigation. —James D. H. Reefer

New York, March 31 (AP)—An eight-year psychiatric study of a Manhattan, N.Y., area with 175,000 residents indicates that four out of five of them suffer mental disturbances ranging from mild to severe.

The *Chicago Tribune* (3/27/62) editorially chastised John M. Bailey, Democratic national chairman, for charging that the American Medical Association has aligned itself with the John Birch Society as an enemy of social and economic advance. Later the editorial bled, "The plain truth is that the major lobby . . . is the Kennedy administration . . . and that the next biggest lobby . . . is the AFL-CIO. The AMA is, as its president said, a David in comparison with these Goliaths." News headline in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (4/4/62) "The AMA Listed as Top Lobbyist with Expenditures of \$163,405." The AFL-CIO spent \$139,919.

In an address to the Young Republican Club at the University of Kansas City, (Mo.), the Republican candidate for the Senate, Mr. Crosby Kemper, Jr., identified socialism with atheism. He was asked to comment on Sweden, which was apparently both Christian and socialistic. He replied that the suicide rate in Sweden had risen 400 per cent.

It's being bruited about Chicago that the life story of Barry Goldwater is being readied for production by 18th Century Fox.—Mark Perlberg

Now that Justice Byron R. White has been seated on the Supreme Court where the senior member is Justice Hugo L. Black, we can only regret that the late Justice Horace Gray (1882-1902) completed his service just 60 years too soon to give our highest bench all shades of opinion. —Irving Dilliard



The cover features a map of the Louisiana Territory and the River Mississippi by John Renex, ca. 1740. It is crowded with details showing the routes of DeSoto in 1540, M. Denis in 1713, and gives the Indian location of the Osages, Apaches, Ponceas, Wandering Indians, and Man-Eaters. It is reproduced with the kind permission of the St. Louis Mercantile Library.

PHOTO CREDITS

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EDITORIAL

THE COMING to life of *FOCUS/Midwest* not only speaks well of the many friends of this magazine—without them this publishing venture could not have been carried through to fruition—but it also testifies to the inadequacy of those periodicals which aspire to or maintain huge circulations. This failure is amply recorded by the recent decline and demise of many magazines. No matter how we may want to sympathize with their dilemma, we cannot forget that the demands of the market is of their own making. Paradoxically, in the spasm of multi-million circulations, publishers forgot the individual reader, he became a statistic. The mass media failed not only commercially, but also as a carrier of new ideas, an upsetter of old, and an intrepid commentator upon the status quo.

FOCUS/Midwest is aiming very high. So high, that it will take us a long time and the unswerving faith and support of our friends to reach our goal. We feel it is much too early to proclaim a pompous philosophy or "Publisher's Credo" when we have just begun our experiment. During our labors we will be sensitive to critical reactions which hope to better this publication, but we will ignore those who will want to shackle us to the common and orthodox.

As our name implies, the magazine's immediate responsibility will be to the reader in and observer of the Middle West, particularly Illinois and Missouri. As soon as feasible we plan to add other states in the Middle West to our coverage. This concentration will enable us to deal exhaustively with the cultural, political, socio-economic, and the many other interests of our readers; it should not be mistaken for a new edition of regional chauvinism. *FOCUS*

Midwest will deal with those problems which have a personal and direct application to our readers. The inarticulate not only reside in South Africa and Angola, but also in Evanston, Kirkwood, and Prairie Village.

A year from now (we are optimistic) we plan to tell the story of how this magazine was created in some detail. Yet, a few words should now be devoted to two comments frequently encountered during the past nineteen months of organizing *FOCUS/Midwest*. One concerns a surprising attitude of fear and timidity among many leading citizens. The other is a version of the preacher's introduction, "Not you who are assembled here but the others . . .". How, it was asked, can *FOCUS/Midwest* reach those who "really" need it?

We were amazed how often we were cautioned to be on guard. Of learning and of an apparently enlightened disposition, these persons feared that a magazine (and its editors) such as ours, would be maligned and labelled. Of course, this may happen. But why be concerned? We will rather be on guard to measure up to the judgement of those we respect. Those who live by smears cannot be accommodated; it would also be somewhat debasing. Those who are influenced by such nonsense may be pitied. This magazine, as one friend has put it, is meant for persons with adult tastes who are interested in creating a progressive and pioneering society. We will gladly admit that those who applaud the silliness of a Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker are beyond, way beyond, the reach of *FOCUS/Midwest*.

The second reaction concerned the "messianic" nature of *FOCUS/Midwest*. We are asked again and again, how we plan to reach those who "need" it most. We don't care very much if we ever reach those who "should" read it, because we don't care if we ever change anyone's mind. In our opinion this would be more difficult than creating a magazine and we know something about that. But we care very much about activating all those who told us that the "others" need it. It was superbly phrased by Irving Dilliard in the introductory prospectus ". . . Our historic revolutionary spirit has too largely given way before an easy conservatism. Even those who look on themselves as progressives tend to be satisfied with past programs that were bold and pioneering in their day, but now fall short of new demands."

A further word should be said about the friends of *FOCUS/Midwest*. Most of those directly involved on the editorial end of this venture are listed in the masthead on page two. Many others also have been of great editorial assistance. Some had forwarded their subscriptions many months ago and have patiently waited for this inaugural issue. Then there is a group of persons who have volunteered to share the commercial risk of this venture by purchasing shares in the *FOCUS/Midwest* Publishing Company, Inc., or by purchasing sustaining or lifetime charter subscriptions.

The burden of their trust will be continually with us.



"It is not my ambition to be the individual with the maximum civil liberties in the Communist liquidation line. I know that is the ambition of many university professors and students. They probably will make it. Congratulations! But it is not my ambition. I don't care whether the liquidation line is integrated or segregated. I know many people do, but I don't."

—Dr. Fred C. Schwartz

NO JUSTICE FOR ANASTAPLO



Ining
Dilliard

"... To force the Bar to become a group of thoroughly orthodox, time-serving, government-fearing individuals is to humiliate and degrade it."
U. S. Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black.

Few decisions have been easier for me than choosing what to write about in the first issue of *FOCUS/Midwest*. The case of George Anastaplo fits every requirement of interest that I set for my contribution to the inaugural issue of a publication so needed and so promising.

The Anastaplo case embraces the area to which *FOCUS/Midwest* primarily addresses itself, including particularly Missouri and Illinois. The case is important nationally. It is as human as it is significant. And it is not sufficiently known.

Thirty-six year old George Anastaplo lives with his wife and their three children in Chicago, the largest city in *FOCUS/Midwest* territory. He was born Nov. 7, 1925 in St. Louis, the second largest city in the area. He grew up and went to public elementary and high school in Carterville, deep in Southern Illinois and a small town such as thousands of communities that string like beads along Middle America's continuous, unifying Main Street. He has attended three institutions of higher learning in the area: Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, University of Illinois at Urbana, and University of Chicago near which he now makes his home.

In view of what is at stake, the Anastaplo case should be of concern to a wide range of readers—to professional people such as lawyers and

educators, to scholars and government officials at all levels, to young citizens choosing careers, to their parents with hundreds of vocations throughout the Midwest.

Notwithstanding its importance, the Anastaplo case has been passed over by newspapers generally and inadequately presented and discussed in some of the very best of the daily press. Relatively few newspapers have so much as printed George Anastaplo's name. *Saga Magazine*, much to its credit has carried an excellent article by Fred J. Cook (reprinted in part by the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*); the *Loyola Law Times* has published a valuable review of the facts by William J. Martin; and Harry Kalven and Roscoe T. Steffen, professors of law at the University of Chicago, discussed the case in "Law in Transition" in the Fall, 1961 issue of the *Chicago Law Quarterly*. But by and large the Anastaplo story is one still substantially untold even though its central figure argued his case brilliantly before the Supreme Courts of Illinois and the United States without ever having been admitted to the bar.

And that, it should be said now, is what the Anastaplo case is all about: admission to the legal profession and the right to practice law in our courts.

After graduating from high school with a fine record, George Anastaplo entered the University of Illinois. But

the country was at war against Hitler, and one semester later he enlisted in the air service at the age of 18. He became a navigator and was commissioned a second lieutenant. He served more than three years in the Pacific, North African, Middle Eastern, and European theaters of operations. When V-J day came, he believed that the peace was still to be won so he remained in service a year or more after that first frantic rush on the part of many service men to get home. Then he went into the reserves and resumed his education.

At the University of Chicago, his outstanding scholastic performance won him Phi Beta Kappa's golden key. In the law school he was honored with the Order of the Coif. He passed the Illinois bar examination before his graduation. Admission to practice seemed only a formality.

As part of that formality he was required to fill out an inquiry sheet for the Committee on Character and Fitness. This was in connection with an examination to determine "moral character, general fitness to practice law and good citizenship."

Seemingly George Anastaplo's good citizenship has been established by his patriotic record in World War II and by his outstanding academic career. Seemingly also this was more than adequately supported by the affidavits of many men of standing in the educational and legal communities who

continued on page 30

ARTHUR GOLDBERG

Secretary of Labor

The problems of the performing arts in America today are not the problems of decline. They are the problems of growth; a growth so rapid, so tumultuous, so eventful as to be almost universally described as an explosion.

The specifics have no parallel in history. America today has some 5,000 community theaters — more theaters than radio and television stations. There are better than 500 opera-producing groups—seven times as many as fifteen years ago. Symphony orchestras now total 1,100—twice as many as only ten years ago.

Resources such as these for the consumption of artistic creation do not of themselves ensure creativity, but one could hardly hope for a climate more receptive to the creative artist.

The American artistic scene today is alive and vibrant. At the same time, some of the foremost institutions of American culture are in grave difficulty. The Metropolitan Opera is not alone. Other opera companies, and a number of our leading symphonies, share in a substantially similar financial plight. The artists, moreover, are generally underpaid. The details may differ, but the general condition is the same. The problem of course, is money. The individual benefactors and patrons just aren't there, as they once were. Just as importantly, as we become more and more a cultural democracy, it becomes less and less appropriate for our major cultural institutions to depend on the generosity of a very few of the very wealthy. That is a time that has passed, and the fact is evident.

The question before us is how to restore the financial viability of these institutions and to promote the welfare of the artists upon whom these institutions in the final analysis do and must depend. It is, to repeat, unthinkable that they should disappear at the very moment when they have achieved an unprecedented sig-

nificance to the American people as a whole. They are a heritage of the past. They are equally in earnest for the future: they stand as our expectation of the quality of the American creative artists whose works they will perform.

The answer to this question is evident enough. We must come to accept the arts as a new community responsibility. The arts must assume their place alongside the already accepted responsibilities for health, education, and welfare. Part of this new responsibility must fall to the Federal Government, for precisely the reasons that the nation has given it a role in similar undertakings.

In outlining this view in my award in the Metropolitan Opera dispute, I proposed a six-point partnership of support for the arts. Such a partnership, I believe, would provide a stable, continuing basis of financial support for the artistic community.

I proposed:

1. That the principal source of financial support for the arts must come, in the future as in the present, from the public.

2. The patrons and benefactors of the arts have a continuing and vital role to play. Since, it is inevitable that in an age of aesthetic creativity the interests and tastes of many of the best artists will run ahead of, or even counter to, the general standards of the time. Here the support of the enlightened patron can have the most profound and fruitful consequences.

3. Private corporations must increasingly expand their support of community activities to include support for the arts. One of the hallmarks of American free enterprise is the remarkable extent to which business has voluntarily contributed to educational, charitable, and health activities in localities throughout the nation. In line with the wider recognition of community responsibility for the arts, business corporations would do well to consider allocating, as a matter of

course, a portion of their total contributions to these activities.

4. The American labor movement has a responsibility for support of the arts similar to that of American business. This has been recognized to some degree, as in the contributions several unions have made to support children's and other special concerts, but on the whole the community contributions of American trade unions have been directed for activities similar to those which have attracted business support.

5. Local governments, and to a lesser extent state governments are already providing a considerable measure of support for the arts, in line with the clearly manifested interest of the American people in expanding the artistic resources available to the general public. The support of art museums is already a general practice. Everyone accepts the fact that it is appropriate for a state or local government to provide housing and custodial support to such museums. The question naturally arises why this support should not be provided for our operas and symphonies and other forms of art as well. Of course, the main source of public support for the arts should continue to arise from the spontaneous, direct desire of local and state governments to provide for the needs of their own communities.

6. The Federal Government should continue to provide and increase its support of the arts.

The most important immediate step which the Federal Government could take is the establishment of a Federal Advisory Council on the Arts. Such a measure is now before the Congress. The functions of such a Council would be fourfold: (1) Recommend ways to maintain and increase the cultural resources of the United States, (2) propose methods to encourage private initiative in the arts, (3) cooperate with local, state, and Federal departments and agencies to foster artistic and cultural en-

THE PERFORMING ARTS

deavors and the use of the arts both nationally and internationally in the best interests of our country, and (4) strive to stimulate greater appreciation of the arts by our citizens.

These basically, then, were my proposals.

It is interesting to note that there has been support for my general thesis that the arts in America need a helping hand.

As near as I can determine, the public seems disposed to argue with me on only one of the six points of the partnership idea. That one is, of course, the always controversial point of governmental responsibility.

Checking the letters pro and con I have received, I find the verdict stands considerably better than two to one in favor of the proposition that the Federal Government has the responsibility in this field, and should now show more initiative in support of the arts.

The editorial verdict is much more difficult to assess, as we are not equipped to undertake a complete survey of press opinion. From the way our press clippings are running, however, I would say that newspaper editorial opinion on this issue leans rather heavily toward the view expressed by the *Salt Lake City Tribune*, which said: "Artistic temperament, it seems to us, is explosive enough without souping up the mixture with politics."

This seems to me to indicate that there is some misunderstanding concerning exactly what I did propose in the area of Federal responsibility toward the arts.

Those who complain against Federal participation in support of the arts generally hold one of two views — sometimes both. The first, that tax dollars should not be spent for what one person who wrote me called "a luxury in life," and the second, if tax dollars were to be spent, inevitable government control of the arts would follow.

The first of these objections is

based on a misunderstanding of my proposal, which does not envision large Federal outlays for the arts. But the second is voiced by those who are genuinely concerned about the freedom of artistic expression, and their concern is not to be dismissed lightly. Distinguished critics have reminded us of the shortsighted and often shabby treatment some artists have experienced at the hands of politicians. Others have marked the tendency of government to watch its money 'carefully' and attempt to set standards for its use.

I might say that this alive sense of danger is in itself the best guarantee that we could have for artistic freedom. Also, the very concern that the arts might be subjected to control is additional evidence that they are relevant and important in American life and opinion.

Regardless of how the arts are supported, there will be efforts from some quarters to control the content. Attempts to interfere with artistic content are as old as art itself. The Federal Theatre Project in the late 1930's mounted 830 major productions and 81 were criticized as to content by either members of Congress or witnesses before Congressional committees.

We should be perfectly honest and open about the problem of interference with the freedom of the arts and attempts to compromise the integrity of the artist. To close our eyes to the problem is neither right nor necessary — but what is necessary is to provide for safeguards against it. One of the reasons I have advocated a Federal Advisory Council in the Arts is the value of such a body in standing between the artist and the direct political process that might affect him.

I believe that the time has come in America when our people recognized the need for freedom in all forms of artistic expression. The climate is far more enlightened than in the past, when censorship and interfer-

ence came from many sides and interests.

We should acknowledge also that the marketplace exerts its own form of censorship which can be as unyielding and rigid as any feared by opponents of subsidy. I received a letter from an artist in Texas who described to me his feelings at being asked to rush several paintings to a New York gallery for a showing, and then receiving them back with high praise but apologies that they were "too controversial." Subsidy, in short, may be less a straight jacket than the marketplace.

The object of my proposals is to free the artist, not bind him. The best protection against the danger of interference—admitting full well that the danger exists—is a community that recognizes it and is prepared to cope with it. If we cannot rely upon our writers, composers, and performers to give as good as they can get, to speak out plainly and effectively against any infringement on their proper freedoms, then the state of the arts in this country is genuinely grave.

At the same time, there are certain policies that lessen the danger of interference, if not eliminate it. One of these is the principle that public support is most successful, and least subject to abuse, when it represents only a portion of the total funds involved. The matching grant should be the basic form of Federal participation in support of the arts, with the Federal share always representing the smaller of the funds involved.

One of the guiding ideas of the six-point partnership I propose is that artists are likely to retain maximum control over their work when a maximum number of governments, institutions, and individuals are contributing to their support.

It is time, I believe, when we should all perform more work on behalf of the arts rather than give mere lip service to the problems which exist.



TWO STATE LEGISLATURES

*Their Corruption,
Competence, and Power*

ROBERT H. SALISBURY

The present-day liberal ordinarily looks with scorn or indifference at state government. He sees the state legislature as a meeting-place for incompetents, boodlers, and other small-bore politicians who cozy up all too willingly to the special interests and biennially fail to meet the public responsibilities of modern society. The battle for progressive action is tough enough at the federal level, but at least these victories can occasionally be won. At the state level, urban underrepresentation, low pay of officials, public apathy, and a variety of other factors make the game seem not worth the candle. New York and California may be partial exceptions, but the general negative view of state politics remains among liberals, reinforced perhaps by the exhortation of conservatives to "turn things back to the states."

Academicians have tended to share this disdain for state institutions, and, as compared to the attention given the federal government, few detailed studies of state politics have been undertaken by political scientists. Apart from description of the formal structures of constitutions and procedures, and a sprinkling of anecdotal reports by journalists, there is little solid information on contemporary state politics. Yet, surely, not all states are equally blessed or damned, as the case may be, in their governmental processes. "Special interests" in one state are not necessarily like those in another. What are the similarities and differences, in state politics, and what factors account for them? A look at Illinois and Missouri may offer some clues.

This examination is based on material collected for a comprehensive study of the politics of public school legislation, undertaken at Washington University, under the direction of Thomas H. Eliot and Nicholas A. Masters. Public school legislation is, of course, state legislation, and in order to understand how and why school policies are enacted, we had to understand how the larger political process worked in each state.

One of the first impressions one gets on visiting Springfield and Jefferson City is that the physical facilities of the two legislatures are very different. The Illinois capitol is a rather splendid example of latter nineteenth century "capitolese" architecture with its domes and columns scattered about, culminating in its silvery topknot. Inside, the golden oak woodwork seems appropriate too, reinforcing the image of the state

legislature as a nineteenth century place where cigar-smoking pols make corrupt deals.

To the political romantic the Illinois capitol is exactly right, much preferable to the modern structures of glass and steel that house most of the executive bureaucracy. The only trouble with it is that the actual working accommodations are so inadequate. The legislature chambers themselves are cramped and crowded. Each legislator must use his desk as his office; dictating, filing, and eating his lunch in the same spot. Only the leadership receive private office space. A rendezvous with a constituent must be held in the corridor where the coffee-breaking employees, the hordes of high school civics students, and ordinary tourists make privacy impossible. The legislator who seeks to do a responsible job gets no encouragement from his physical surroundings in Illinois.

In Missouri the atmosphere is markedly different. The capitol is newer, and while the outside presents a rather standard Greek temple facade, the interior has both space and grandeur of dimension that far surpass the national capitol. Here all legislators have at least some office space, and senators have private suites. One committee room is decorated with a striking Thomas Hart Benton mural. Other paintings, mostly of less artistic value, grace many patches of wall space hidden among the huge granite columns. Stained glass is used freely, and the legislative chambers, especially that of the Senate, are genuinely cathedral-like. As a friend of mine said while standing amid the richly appointed Senate chamber, "How could anyone sit here and be on the take?"

Does the physical space really matter? Not by itself, perhaps, but there are differences in the way the two legislatures do their jobs that are related to the spatial arrangements. The Illinois legislature is noisier and more unruly than is the case in Missouri. Illinois legislators, on the whole and with many exceptions, seem to take their jobs less seriously and "live it up" more.

Two or three times as many bills are introduced and passed in Illinois as in Missouri. Yet the Illinois legislators do not meet for more than one or two days a week during the first three months of their session. Even after that the time spent in actual operation is less than in Missouri. In 1959, for instance, the Missouri House spent 85 legislative days in action, while Illinois passed three times as many bills in only 61 days.

In Illinois they haven't the space to deliberate very deliberately.

Illinois legislators rarely talk to one another during floor debates. They speak to the galleries or to their districts via the newspapers. They score debater's points whenever possible, but one rarely has the impression that minds are made up or changed as a result of debate. The volume of noise, from private conversation and the endless shuffling of school kids feet passing in and out of the galleries, would make it most difficult to win votes in debate.

The periodic outbursts of name-calling and fist-fighting on the floor of the Illinois legislature have no counterparts in Missouri. In the Missouri House, on the other hand, debate is often serious and always decorous. Legislators ask questions of one another, sometimes in partisan spirit, sometimes for information, but always expecting an answer. The outcome of the vote may often hinge on the debate, and a premium is thereby granted to the articulate and informed legislators (a rather rare species). The Missouri Senate conducts its business in such a hush that it is often impossible to hear from the gallery. The colloquy is relevant to the immediate decision, but it is not meant for the larger public.

In many state capitals, "diversions" are provided by "the interests." Many of the most startling exposes of bribery, corruption, and general political flim-flammy in recent years have dealt with state government. The multitudinous manipulations of Artie Samish in California and the high-powered public relations firm brawl between railroaders and truckers in Pennsylvania are classic cases. They suggest that whereas Washington, D. C., lobbyists, for the most part, have "gone respectable," the old-fashioned boodlers still flourish on the state scene.

Corruption and bribery are extraordinarily difficult things to talk about honestly and objectively, and we have no reason to suppose that the states we studied were worse than others. As between Illinois and Missouri, however, the former seems to be affected by the *atmosphere*, if not the actual facts of boodle. In Springfield, the "usually reliable sources" are well-stocked with stories of "the take." Orville Hodge is clearly a case in point. Certain enterprises in the state, notably race tracks and insurance companies, have an intriguing proportion of office-holders among their stockholders.

No observer would be so rash as to deny the existence of pay-offs in

Missouri. But there is wide agreement that not much cash changes hands, and certainly there is little of the free-spending carnival-like ethos in Jefferson City that would imply the "money was out." In times past the men with "the little black bags" went around to see their legislative friends, but such luggage is rarely observable any longer.

Does the decorum and/or honesty—the "responsibility" of performance—make any difference? Is Missouri better governed? Are its laws more progressive because they are passed by legislators who adhere somewhat more closely to the canons of progressive morality? A categorical answer is hard to give. As noted, Illinois passes many more laws, but quantity is no sign of quality. Illinois legislates more often and in greater detail on such matters as municipal and county government and insurance regulation, and these subjects often involve the manipulative skills of politics. Missouri's units of local government have greater home rule which reduces some of the importance of the state legislative arena. Missouri has had no loyalty-security controversy as Illinois has. However, Missouri has no state public accommodations law, and no state-wide teacher tenure law, and Illinois has both. Public utilities in Missouri can be seized by the state in the event of a strike. Not so in Illinois.

Missouri has an income tax, but its tax levels and its levels of state expenditure are generally low. So are those of Illinois. Both states rank far down in state expenditures as a proportion of state income. In 1960 Missouri ranked 47th among the states in per capita state tax collections, Illinois 42nd. In per capita income, Missouri ranked 18th, Illinois 6th. In per capita expenditure Missouri was 43rd, Illinois tied for 44th. Missouri does rank 7th in expenditures for public welfare, a reflection of the large proportion of pensioners in the rural mountain areas of the state. Illinois, with twice Missouri's income, spent nearly five times as much on health and hospitals, three times as much on highways, and two-and-one-half times as much on education. Still, Illinois ranks only 41st among the states in the percentage of personal income going for state and local taxes (7.9%). Missouri ranks 48th (6.9%).

The important question is why these two states do not provide a higher level of public services to their citizens. Neither state is particularly



a bastion of political conservatism. Both elect a substantial number of liberals to Congress and to other offices. Yet service levels do not reflect liberal values. This fact cannot be explained in terms of the competence of the public officials or in their motives. State legislators in every state fall short of the ideal conception of "who should make our laws," and Missouri and Illinois legislators are certainly not less able or intelligent than, say, in Michigan where state-provided service levels are much higher.

An important part of the answer to our question, however, lies in that elusive term "power." Illinois state politics is power politics. In the legislature there is a kind of power triangle; the Chicago Democrats, the downstate Democrats, and the Republicans. The first two groups are held in more or less tight control by leaders with potent political sanctions, Richard Daley and Paul Powell. The Republicans are usually less cohesive, but a Republican Governor can achieve considerable unity through the use of his massive patronage, and, in any case, opposition to cohesive Democratic blocs brings a good deal of Republican unity.

None of these blocs can govern by itself, and none can afford to be continuously in opposition. The political stakes are too great to permit the luxury of permanent opposition. The result is a steady tendency toward consensus, often directly negotiated "at the summit," as when Daley and Governor Stratton worked out their compromises in 1955 and 1957. But compromises of this kind are likely to represent the "most common denominator" rather than bold programs of action.

The individual legislator in this system has one of two roles to play. He may be a part of one of the blocs, in which case he votes as directed, accepts his rewards, and lives it up while in Springfield. He has neither incentive nor opportunity to concern himself with most policy questions, since on the important ones he takes his cues from his leadership. If he prefers, the legislator may rebel against the power structure and become a "Young Turk." There have been some distinguished rebels in Springfield in recent years. But the price of rebellion has pretty regularly been legislative ineffectiveness. The Young Turk does not get bills passed. His hopes lie in the anticipation that the whole system will someday be different.

In Missouri the reason so little is done is primarily that there is too

little power. There is no urban machine. Neither St. Louis nor Kansas City presents a united front in Jefferson City. The governor has perhaps one-tenth the patronage of his Illinois counterpart, and since he cannot succeed himself, he is not even much tempted to try to develop a powerful legislative following. The party balance is not very close; Democrats have a large majority. So this potential source of voting unity is lacking. Economic interest groups concentrate on a very few items of special concern to them and make little effort to influence other issues. Indeed, there is little overall bloc structure of any kind. There are no "meetings at the summit" because there are no summits, nor anyone with enough following to meet.

Decisions must therefore be made by individual legislators, one issue at a time, with few cues given them from outside centers of political gravity. Since each choice must be made independently, and since little in the way of leadership is exercised by anyone, the process of legislating in Missouri is more difficult and time-consuming than in Illinois; the Missouri legislators are compelled to work harder and behave more responsibly than their counterparts across the river who have so many of their answers given to them.

But the decisions reached are not necessarily "better." They just take longer.

What are the lessons which flow from the contrasts between Illinois and Missouri legislators. Neither legislature is particularly inspiring, either in its processes or its output. In Missouri, one has the feeling that a few more "good men" — devoted, articulate, intelligent men of liberal persuasion — could make a noticeable difference in the quality of the legislation passed. But until the conditions develop that can nourish and sustain state-wide leadership in behalf of increased state services, Missouri government is not likely to change greatly. It would be rash to specify the conditions necessary, but they probably include greater urbanization, especially in outstate Missouri, and an accompanying appreciation of the notion that higher levels of public services are prerequisites of civilization.

Illinois faces a different kind of situation — one which neither "good men" in the legislature nor enlightened statewide leadership can easily master. Missouri's low service levels are, in a sense, the result of too little

power for anyone to accomplish much of anything. Illinois' relatively low level of public effort may be traced to the strength of its power blocs and the intensity of the competition among them.

There is in Illinois a notable example of an effort to avoid the tendencies toward irresponsibility that seem endemic to the legislative process. School legislation is handled in Illinois by a special commission composed of both legislators and laymen. The commission is able to work outside of the general political conflicts of the state to achieve agreement on a broad range of school policy decisions. Once the School Problems Commission agrees, the legislature happily approves the decision. Relative expertise on the issue is thus combined with a minimum of conflict to get results. It seems to this observer that unless similar mechanisms are developed for other important policy areas to take the sting out of the Chicago - downstate - Republican enmities and permit the rational discussion of the issues outside of the context of the "power triangle," Illinois will make little progress toward meeting its problems.

Finally, one has some of that good nineteenth-century liberal feeling that it is a good thing government plays as small a role in our lives as it does. For in Missouri and Illinois both, though for different reasons, the role is played weakly, and one cannot be sanguine about the prospects for improvement.



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ARSON IN KANSAS CITY / Robert G. Hoyt

Early this month the chairman of the Kansas City Human Relations commission, B. J. George, officially recorded the views of the commission with regard to acts of arson. He deplored them. Arson, he said, is a crime "to my mind only one step below murder and rape."

Doubtless the other members of George's commission went right along with him in these views. But they could hardly be blamed if they added a private qualification to the effect that arson, though invariably wicked and never to be encouraged, does on occasion cast a good deal of light on things.

The crime of arson came within the purview of the commission because on the night of April 2 a person or persons unknown put flame to kerosene here and there in a boxy, three-bedroom ranch-type house sitting in a row with others like it on a street in Vineyard Woods, a fairly new housing development on Kansas City's East Side. The house was newly purchased, but not yet occupied, by Lorenzo Worten, a Negro employed as a butcher in a local packing house. Worten was the first Negro to acquire a home in the area, though the neighborhood had felt "threatened" for years and has been well organized to resist any "invasion."

A man who lives across the street turned in an alarm (thereby, I understand, earning a later beating at the hands of a friendly group of neighbors), and the fire department got there in time to prevent major structural damage. But if the arsonist did only a fair-to-middling job of achieving his main object, the side effects were more spectacular.

For one thing, the incident got prominent mention in the local press, meaning the *Kansas City Star*; an event of some considerable significance in itself. It reflects at least the beginning of an informed consensus of community leadership to face the realities and acknowledge a duty toward them. The *Star*, no doubt in close consultation with those leaders, must have agreed. Until recently such occurrences received a 12-point

head and two paragraphs of type well back in the paper—partly no doubt to avoid stirring up tensions further, but also because the paper is incurably upbeat about life in the Heart of America. The general impression conveyed is that racial conflict is something that happens in Johannesburg or Little Rock, and in consequence a great many Kansas Citians are profoundly innocent about all manner of tensions existing in their midst.

The Worten incident, in contrast, was front-paged in five consecutive editions, and drew an editorial as well. A similar but less successful arson attempt a few days later got the old condensed treatment, but all things considered a forward step has been made, given the premise that people have to know about a problem to begin working at it.

In two respects the arsonist showed poor judgment: his timing and his choice of target were bad. The incident served as an exclamation point for a campaign by members and backers of the Human Rights commission to get its budget increased to a halfway respectable figure—a campaign based in considerable part on the need for a staff man to work on East Side housing problems. The incident looked almost too appropriate, and friends keep asking Bob Adams, the commission's executive secretary, whether he got any kerosene on his clothes that night.

Secondly, Lorenzo Worten might have been picked by Central Casting for his role, except that the choice of a butcher instead of a handsome Ph.D. might have been too subtle for Hollywood. Worten is quiet, dignified, determined, and articulate, but at the same time he doesn't look like an N.A.A.C.P. guinea pig. Which is fine, because he isn't; he just wants a decent house with a basement where he can carry on his woodcarving hobby.

There were other developments. A whole squadron of Protestant ministers deployed through the neighborhood, visiting homeowners, asking questions, getting wrong answers, and trying to give better ones. A couple

of committees were organized. Worten appeared on a late evening radio interview show and acquitted himself not "brilliantly" but manfully. Church and interracial organizations offered help to Adams and Worten. A local group which had been trying to form a chapter of H.O.M.E. (Housing Opportunities Made Equal) stopped floundering and found a cause: a drive to put on the books an ordinance banning panic-promoting tactics by real estate salesmen.

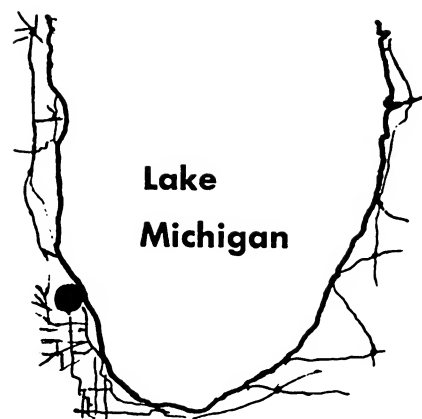
But this listing is not meant as a penultimate paragraph before the happy-ending wrapup. The problem has not been solved, only revealed, and at that it's questionable whether anyone but Adams and some of his commissioners really understands how difficult the problem is. The more hysterical types on the East Side are not going to be quelled by clerical visitations or editorial wrist-rapping. There are people in the neighborhood and in other "threatened" areas who want to be reasonable, but even these have little conception of the forces at work; in the absence of understanding, they find personal devils to blame—not only the Negroes, but Adams, the *Star*, the real estate profession. History is absolved.

In Kansas City every bad situation is made worse by a vacuum of political leadership. There is little room let under the rug, but it seems unlikely that this problem will wind up anywhere else. The single major mitigating factor is demographic: there are only 88,000 Negroes among Kansas City's 520,000 citizens. Despite this, if I had to make a prediction I would have to say that the racial situation here, though it may not produce any more arson cases, will probably get worse before it gets better. And there is no guarantee it will get better at all.

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NEWBURGH, ILLINOIS

Harry Barnard



Not so long ago, the big news concerned Newburgh, New York, when that town seceded from the state of New York on the matter of granting relief to needy persons. I read about Newburgh, New York, with shock. But also with a comfortable feeling that such a pre-Elizabethan Age callousness toward the poor could not happen in my state of Illinois. I have found out that I was wrong. Illinois also has a Newburgh, or nearly so.

Like its New York counterpart, "Newburgh, Illinois," is mainly a pleasant town of mostly middle and upper middle class residents. It has a tradition of respectability that goes back to the Civil War era. It is a cultural center of Illinois, the home of a great university—Northwestern.

That recent convert to the United Nations, Congresswoman Margaret Stitt Church, more Republican than McKinley or Everett Dirksen, is from Evanston, with a fine, genteel home on its Church Street. No one was surprised, when Senator Barry Goldwater was billed there for a political rally last spring, that he was given one of his biggest and most appreciative of audiences. He won an ovation by showing up at the meeting in an old-fashioned, horse-drawn surrey, prompting one to ask, "If Barry thinks by surrey, why should he not travel by surrey?" But of course, the handsome Senator was not aware that he was being cheered so ardently in "Newburgh." His managers had assured him that he was speaking in Evanston, Illinois. They were right.

Is fair Evanston really another Newburgh? The supervisor of Evanston township, John Happ, an official of one of Evanston's leading banks, was quoted in the *Chicago Sun-Times* last September 27 as saying that it was not. But I am not so certain, and the rest of this piece tells why. I had not intended to write up this story, inasmuch as I was involved in it. But most of the local and Chicago newspapers, as well as the courts, various other public officials, ministers, and the like, have

shown a strange disinclination to open up this matter. Apparently, some "delicate" issues are involved.

That word, "delicate," was used by a reporter for one of the papers to explain why that paper was reluctant to run the story. One of the "delicate" issues is the Negro problem.

Evanston has a Negro problem; perhaps a tenth of its almost 100,000 population is now Negro. Evanston doesn't like to admit this. The people who hold power would like to reduce the Negro population. As much of the evidence shows, that is precisely why Evanston has followed a policy on relief that inevitably evokes the comparison with Newburgh.

The story began last August. Mrs. Qulardeen Pressley, the mother of three children—John, 6, Valencia, 4, and Sallie, 3, came to work at my house in Wilmette, just north of Evanston, as a one-day-a-week housemaid. My wife found her through an advertisement in the *Wilmette Life*. Mrs. Pressley is a very hard-working person of about twenty-six. She settled in Evanston on April 1, 1961, by way of Baltimore, and her home town, Due West, South Carolina, near Abbeville. She is colored.

I asked her some questions. Her husband had come to Evanston about two years ago. He obtained a divorce in Chicago about a month after she arrived and married again. Under the court order, he is supposed to pay \$25 a week for their support. With three other once-a-week jobs as a maid (all she could find), she earned a total of \$40 a week.

Out of the \$40, she has to pay for a baby-sitter for her children so she may go out to work. She had found a teen-age girl who sits for her for a discount—\$15 a week. That left \$25 a week to take care of herself and her children.

She was then paying \$21 a week for two rooms (without private kitchen, private toilet, or much private of anything else). This left her with \$4 a week. Later, she moved into one room, to cut down her rent expense

to \$12 a week. So she had \$13 a week for feeding and clothing her family. Of course, if her ex-husband did come through, she would have \$38 a week, all told. But he was usually behind.

A little arithmetic let me know that even if Mrs. Pressley's husband came through, feeding her three children and herself, plus medical, clothing, and other expenses, out of \$39 a week was an almost impossible thing to do.

I asked Mrs. Pressley: Had she applied for relief funds for her children?

To my puzzlement, she said that she *had* applied for public help. But she had been turned down. "You see," she said, without any bitterness or even criticism, "I haven't lived in Evanston a year. The law is that you can't get any relief if you haven't lived there a year."

At first I was going to accept, as had Mrs. Pressley, that interpretation of the law. But later I decided that this situation simply did not make any sense—not in 1961. So I telephoned the office of the State of Illinois Public Aid Commission to get, as a citizen, some information.

The first thing I found was something that I had never suspected in my state. Before this, I had the comfortable feeling that the \$200,000,000 appropriated for poor relief in Illinois, plus that much more sent into Illinois for poor relief by the federal government, was available to *all* needy persons in the state, no matter where they lived—Chicago, Carbondale, Effingham—or Evanston. But that is not so. *Some* townships in Illinois, in fact nearly all, outside of the big cities, decline to accept state or federal relief funds. Under present state law, it is their right to do so.

Why do some townships in Illinois refuse state and federal relief funds? It's simple. They avoid levying a stipulated poor relief tax. But, more important, by not taking such funds, the townships *avoid any supervision by the state or federal government*

of relief policies. Evanston township, in which the city of Evanston is located, is one of those townships.

I decided then to check with the Evanston relief office. Miss Louise Hilly (formerly from a Southern state, by the way, like Mrs. Pressley), has been in charge since 1945. She is an appointee of Township Supervisor Happ. Miss Hilly told me that yes, she remembered a Mrs. Pressley, who had told her on the telephone that she had trouble supporting her children and wanted to know if the relief office could help her. But of course, said Miss Hilly, we could not help her, because she had not lived in Evanston a year. That's the law, she said. "But Miss Hilly," I said, "surely there must be some way those children can be taken care of. If necessary, we will have to take them into our home in Wilmette."

"Do not become so exercised," said Miss Hilly. "We have many such cases."

Apparently that *non sequiter* was supposed to satisfy me. But it didn't. I felt a chill just from talking with that relief administrator. I decided then to appeal to the Cook County relief office. Was it true, I asked, that Evanston *must* deny relief to needy persons if they have not lived there a year? I was told: yes and no.

The Illinois relief act states in *one* section that public assistance may be given only to residents of a year. (Since then, President Kennedy has urged Congress to adopt relief legislation that will help to change that requirement.)

But *another* section of the same Illinois relief act states:

"If it shall appear that any applicant for general assistance is not, under the provision of Section 1-10 of this Code, a resident of this State and that he will suffer great hardship and privation unless general assistance is provided him, the supervisor of general assistance to whom such application is made *may provide him with general assistance* for such temporary period of time as the need therefor exists. . . . 1949, Aug. 4 Laws 1949, p. 405 para. 4-6."

In short, it was incorrect, as Mrs. Pressley had been told, and as I had been told, that Evanston was prevented by law from helping persons in need if they were residents of less than a year.

I again telephoned Miss Hilly. Was she aware of the provision in the state law that permitted her to extend relief funds in case of hardship? She professed not to know that such was the law. I cited for

her the statute number.

Well, she said, she would interview Mrs. Pressley. She would not say when, but suggested that Mrs. Pressley call her. In the meantime, I had talked with State Representative Robert Marks of Evanston.

As Mrs. Pressley later reported, "Miss Hilly scolded me for talking to Mr. Marks and others. She said I should stand on my own feet. She said, if my children or I needed clothes, there were some fine rummage sales ever so often in Evanston. I could get clothes for the kids at rummage sales. She refused to give me relief."

Miss Hilly, then and later, also suggested that Mrs. Pressley ought to go back home—that is, back to South Carolina. All this, by the way, was by telephone. Miss Hilly had not yet consented to interview Mrs. Pressley in person.

On my insistence and, perhaps yielding because I was a newspaperman, Miss Hilly finally consented to give Mrs. Pressley an audience at the relief office on Railroad Avenue. The interview took place on Tuesday morning, August 29. Donald S. Frey, a prominent Evanston lawyer, who had been president of the Evanston Human Relations Council, was present. He also caught a chill. Miss Hilly declined absolutely to admit that Mrs. Pressley's was a hardship case.

Later, Miss Hilly and Mr. Happ issued a statement to the press which enabled the *Chicago Daily News* to report on September 27:

"Evanston Township relief authorities Wednesday defended themselves against a charge that they are withholding help illegally from a needy family. 'No one entitled to relief is being denied it,' asserted Louise Hilly, superintendent of the Evanston Township Relief Administration . . . Miss Hilly told the *Daily News* that investigation showed Mrs. Pressley's income to be \$281 a month."

That \$281 a month figure, of course, was based on an assumption that Mrs. Pressley's husband was paying \$25 a week support. The fact was that, at the time of applying for help, Mrs. Pressley was all but penniless, and in debt for medical and dental care.

An effort was made to reach Mr. Happ, Miss Hilly's superior. But his telephone at the township office was always answered by Miss Hilly. She declined to put calls through to him. An effort was made to interest the newspapers, in Evanston and in Chicago. The results, until later, were nil. So it was decided to resort to

court action. The purpose: to ask the courts to decide if Evanston were

On September 26, Mrs. Charles Benton, a public-minded Evanston resident, brought suit in the Circuit Court of Cook County. The suit requested (1) a mandamus against Mr. Happ and Miss Hilly that relief be given to Mrs. Pressley and her children; and (2) an order requiring the Evanston officials to state their standards by which relief is given or withheld. Later, under the leadership of the Bentons and Attorney Frey, a committee of Evanston residents was formed to follow through on the issue.

It would be nice to record that this intervention on behalf of Mrs. Pressley resulted in her getting relief. But such was not the case. Fact is, Mrs. Pressley's situation was made worse. A few days after the story of the suit broke in the papers, her landlord advised her that she had to move. He told her that he had been summoned to the Evanston city hall and advised that the house violated the code against overcrowding.

It seemed clear that if she was forced to move, she would have difficulty getting another apartment in Evanston. Few are the landlords who are willing to rent apartments to a mother with three children under six years old. Miss Hilly, who about this time called at Mrs. Pressley's home, told her as much. Miss Hilly, by the way, also offered Mrs. Pressley her transportation, first to Abbeville, South Carolina, and then to Baltimore.

Previously, Miss Hilly had refused to help Mrs. Pressley go to Baltimore, where her sister lives. It's obvious, of course, that the relief people in Evanston now hoped that Mrs. Pressley and her children would just go away to any place.

Were the Evanston officials anxious to get a court ruling? On the contrary, they retained lawyers whose object, so far as I could see, was to prevent the case from being heard. They succeeded, too. Circuit Judge Charles S. Dougherty, while no doubt acting with scrupulous conformity to legal technicalities, demonstrated no fine passion for having the facts brought out. The welfare of three small children was at stake. So far as the record showed, these children were without means of decent support. Yet delays were granted week after week. Technical objections to the form of the complaint were sustained, so that no trial was held. I do not say that the officials were callous to human need. But neither

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Q A

QUESTION...

A few month ago, a Greater St. Louis Committee for Freedom of Residence was formed. A similar group has been very active in Illinois for some time. They hope to broaden housing opportunities for Negroes and establish the right of residence on an equal basis to all. Mr. Robinson, can such groups be of help?

ANSWER...

Of course. Whether the particular groups will be successful I cannot say. Several of its leaders are well known because of their contributions to civic progress. It will be interesting to follow their experiences.

Have we made any progress in integrating housing?

Little change has taken place in St. Louis and as far as I know, there haven't been any major changes in Chicago or Kansas City. Non-whites can freely purchase almost anything on the American market—except housing. Such people can and do buy Brooks Brothers clothing, Dior creations, even yachts and trailers. Although non-whites do encounter difficulties in finding a place to berth the yacht or park the trailer. A little over a year ago, I was approached by a wife of a GI who could find no trailer park to accept her. Neither could I.

The time may come when exclusive yachting clubs are integrated. Presently, we are more concerned with everyday housing. How does St. Louis measure up to other cities?

Although St. Louis usually clings to the status quo, in the field of human relations the City has forged ahead remarkably. For this it is to be congratulated. The recently passed public accommodations law is working out very well. But in housing, St. Louis regresses to its accustomed conservative role, which characterizes the City in so many other areas. The Negro population now represents nearly 40 per cent of the City's population. Negroes live in larger ghettos than ever before. There are only a few neighborhoods truly integrated.

Generally, integrated areas are fluid neighborhoods, where whites gradually move out and are replaced by Negroe families. This transition is always a one-way movement. I know of no area where whites will buy once Negroes begin moving in.

Can the Negro who is economically better off find any decent housing? Many Negroes live in sub-standard areas because there is an unfilled demand for middle-income housing that has largely been neglected in the City proper.

Won't the St. Louis Mill Creek development provide acceptable housing for Negroes?

The Mill Creek district has been preempted by a private group that is not sympathetic to the needs of this particular market. As far as I know, they have no plans for erecting single-family dwellings for middle-income buyers.

If there are no vacant areas to be built up, how is it possible to keep Negroes out of the newer, more desirable areas of the City?

There are many techniques used to keep minorities out of the total housing market: 'Gentlemen's Agreements'; expressed or implied rules of the St. Louis Real Estate Board; practices by banks, savings and loan associations, and other lending institutions; subdivision restrictions; newspaper policies; and threats of violence have prevented Negroes from moving into white neighborhoods.

Why newspapers?

One of the subtle techniques is found in the classified sections of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* and the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. Real estate ads for Negroes are placed in the *Post-Dispatch* under section 151 and headed 'Real Estate Available for Colored,' and in the *Globe-Democrat* section 70 headed 'For Sale to Colored.' The use of this special designation is obnoxious to many people. In some cities there are laws against such practices, but not in St. Louis. The St. Louis Real Estate Brokers' Association recently questioned the publisher of the *Post-Dispatch*. The letter

A CONVERSATION ON NEGRO HOUSING

WITH P. C. ROBINSON

was not answered, but since that time section 151 has been introduced by this statement: 'The use of this classification is voluntary. It is carried as a convenience to readers and advertisers. It does not preclude the use of other classifications.' The following incident may throw some light on the policy of the *Post-Dispatch*. Several years ago when property in Bessie Court was first made available to Negroes, many of the neighbors became alarmed that the area would be "invaded." In such situations, the first whites who would sell their property on the open market exposed themselves to heckling and other pressures. When real estate men secure these listings, everything is done to protect the sellers from identification. This is done by using a 'blind' advertisement, identifying the property only as 48xx Avenue. The *Post Dispatch* refused this form of advertisement, stating that it was against their policy and that the seller's address must be identified. On that day the paper carried at least four other blind ads. Our arguments were to no avail.

What are the other methods used to maintain the status quo?

In many of the older residential white neighborhoods, there is often an informal understanding among the neighbors not to be the first to offer their property for sale on an unrestricted market. People are amenable to such pressures and these casual agreements can be very effective.

Does the St. Louis Real Estate Board have any part in this?

Many years ago, perhaps 1912 or 1913, the St. Louis real estate organization, then known as the Real Estate Exchange, sponsored what were known as 'Restrictive Covenants.' These nearly always meant restrictions on the use of the property for 'slaughter houses, junk yards, and Negroes.' During this period, the real estate exchange had a rule which forbade any realtor to sell or rent property to Negroes on any street unless 50 percent or more of the front footage of property on said street was occupied by Negroes. This rule effec-

tively controlled the movement of the Negro population. In those days only one block at a time was opened up to Negro occupancy. 4200 and 4300 Page, 4100 to 4400 Cook, West Belle Place and Enright Avenue from 4100 to 4400 were opened up in this way. During World War II, the influx of Negroes into St. Louis increased rapidly causing a strain on the existing housing supply. Whites began to move into the county. The Real Estate Exchange, by now called the St. Louis Real Estate Board, modified its 50 per cent rule to require that at least three Negroes must live on a block before realtors could sell houses to Negroes. Later this rule was further relaxed to permit sales to Negroes if only one family lived on a block. Now, I have heard, a Negro can buy a house if another Negro lives in an adjacent block. This process should not be mistaken for a 'liberalization' of Negro housing. These rules merely enlarge the Ghetto more rapidly.

You mentioned the 'Restrictive Covenants.' Weren't these declared unenforceable by the Supreme Court?

Yes, in 1948. Originally, members of the St. Louis Real Estate Exchange furnished the leadership opposing the expansion of the Negro population. Both property owners and tenants were called up to sign these 'covenants', wherein they agreed not to sell or rent the property to non-whites. In some cases where Negroes Many years ago, perhaps 1912 or did buy, they were sued in circuit court by the Neighborhood Association. Many Negroes lost their property as a result even though they had been unaware of the restrictions. One such case was filed in St. Louis in 1945. A family by the name of Shelley bought a house on 4600 Labadie Avenue. Although several Negro families lived on the block, the new family was sued. The late, great attorney George L. Vaughn represented the defense. He won his case in circuit court. The judgment was appealed to the Court of Appeals, which reversed the lower court. Attorney Vaughn then appealed to the United States Supreme Court, where two

similar cases were on the docket. The rest is history. In 1948 the famous case known as *Kramer vs Shelley* declared 'restricted covenants' unenforceable in the courts.

Has this decision made a difference to Negroes?

No, not really. The foes of integrated housing have added a new twist to an old idea. In many modern subdivisions 'undesirables' are effectively kept out by this device. Developers of the subdivision, or other interested individuals, organize the property owners into an association. This organization elects three or five of their number as a board of trustees. By-laws are adopted which control the sale of property. The purchaser must be approved by the trustees. If turned down, the purchaser may appeal to the entire membership by majority vote. Nothing is said about race or religion. This device, it is thought, will effectively prevent the covenant from being upset by the courts. Of course, one does not need to be clairvoyant to foresee the result if a Negro, and in some instances a Jew, were to try to buy into the area.

When do the financial institutions come into the picture?

In the sale of residential real estate, very few sales involve cash purchases. Most sales require government insured financing (FHA or VA) or conventional financing. Under current government regulations, any housing eligible for government insurance may not be subject to racial restrictions. Nevertheless, very few Negroes buy in white subdivisions built under FHA or VA specifications. Since World War II, less than two per cent of FHA loans for new construction have been available to Negroes. If a Negro had the temerity to show up to inspect a new house, he would probably be told that the house has been sold. Brokers frequently meet rebuffs when attempting to secure financing for Negroes in an existing all-white neighborhood. Lending institutions stall and claim that the area is 'not yet open', or they

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The Creeping Ugliness of Small Towns / DAN SAULTS

Last mid-winter a note-to-the-editor sort of epistle in the *Ozark Mountaineer* commented that Missouri's small towns must be embarking on a program of Planned Ugliness because "only some real thought could have taken ordinary slovenliness all the way to a state of hideousness."

In April of 1961 a small town publisher who can write better editorials than any practising newspaperman in Missouri said (to me, not in print):

"I've known for twenty years that I have lived in an ugly town, but why does it have to keep getting uglier?"

Leonard Hall, sage of Possum Trot Farm, has been observing with increasing frequency in his writings that small communities look more disreputable all the time. Gretchen Elder, a businesswoman who is also a widely-known Garden Clubber living in the St. Francois range of the Eastern Ozarks, wrote of her despair in the rural slums that have developed in her region.

The Missouri Press News, a house organ of the Missouri Press Association primarily devoted to tips on increasing advertising or improving mechanical efficiency, featured last March an article which argued there were more things in village economics than pants factories, other spaces than parking spaces, and an expanding squalor in pastoral settlements.

So people are talking. Unfortunately, no one is listening; at least there does not seem to be any reaction evidenced by smalltowners who traditionally yell with rage when their way of life is questioned. This lack of energy is the most alarming thing of all — if the assumption of creeping ugliness be accepted as valid.

Are small towns really getting uglier than they used to be? And does the possible increase in physical

squalor show a reflection in large and small village living?

What is the norm of unsightliness? Memory isn't to be trusted in these affairs, for good reason. The golden haze that hangs over most childhoods makes us look back into a small-town past — if we had one — through a shimmer of time that softens stark outlines. And people who did not grow up in a pastoral hamlet are even more sure that here lay childhood beauty. In any case, aesthetic appreciation is an acquired trait, except in novels written about the Noble Redman and most youngsters find more zest in the junkyard than the scenic view. (This may be heresy in calendar-art theology.)

Yet, we haven't much to use except memory and tintypes. There's a picture of my grandfather standing before his blacksmith shop in the tiny West Missouri community of my boyhood; it isn't exactly what Mr. Longfellow described, even though that proper man was poetizing about a New England smithy. Still, I can find no pile of oil cans along the walls or in the gutter. One can grant that horse manure is neither a thing of beauty nor, apart from compost pits, an adjunct to health, while still arguing that equine dung isn't as bad as a spreading blotch of crankcase drainage. We have been taught to consider muddy, rutted ante-Ford streets as unattractive, but were they really as bad, as deadly dull, as the cratered, pitted "blacktop" thoroughfares of today's paper-littered small towns? The hitching posts of 1900 weren't masterpieces of symmetry, but they were at least more interesting than 1960's parking-meter posts. The boroughs gone this past half-century weren't beautiful, but even the severest critic would have to admit there were trees, spaces — and places to walk. There was more grass and less concrete, even side-

walks. (There are no sidewalks in residential areas any more. Who walks?)

Even the human element is missing, and this may be a subtle sign of what is wrong. For all our small towns seem to be deserted; there are no people, only machinery drivers. There is no one walking, no non-mechanical activity; our communities have a strange, deserted air, despite the flow of traffic. Even on warm spring nights the streets are empty of pedestrians where once young lovers strolled beneath fresh-leaved trees. Perhaps we do not see the ugliness of our towns because, since we only drive in them, we have no chance to raise up our eyes unto the hills.

But this comes close to dabbling in poetry (not very close) and poetry is more suspect than memory. Let us try logic, as typified in a blot that has been smeared upon the village escutcheon by modern technology. Logically, we couldn't have had the omnipresent automobile graveyards in 1900; there weren't the cars. But we've very much got them now. And of all landscape pollution they are certainly the worst, nor is the smallest hamlet free from them. I know an old (as Ozarks communities go) and tiny hilltown on Highway 5 where less than two hundred inhabitants live almost as quietly as their dead ancestors lie in a charming graveyard at the edge of "town." But when I went through there this last April, bent upon reaching Bull Shoals for the spring angling, the Detroit-born discards had established their own cemetery squarely alongside the greening turf of this rural burying ground. A new barbed wire fence did mark a thorny line between the two graveyards, to take care of the proprieties.

It's hard to figure where all these automotive junkyards came from so

suddenly. Or have I just begun to see? The deterioration of our small towns has come so gradually, though inexorably, that perhaps it is like growing old; we don't even know it has happened until suddenly the decay manifests itself with shocking impact.

I visited one small town recently and was taken to view a new sub-division, which was unusual enough in a city of only 2,000 population. But perhaps every incorporated area now has to have its sub-division.

This excrecence of prefabricated "ranch houses" was bad enough, since I had visited the hill slopes here in my youth and remembered the grove of oaks that had stood where now was half-healed earth. But at least the lots were large — large enough that one of them contained, in front of its recently-built house, twenty-eight junked automobiles!

Why, I demanded of my guide, was anyone permitted to foul up this nest of solid homeowners by establishing a heap of car dung in the very middle of it?

He seemed a little startled in his pride and thought his reply out carefully, possibly because he had not really seen that mess of rusty metals before. Finally, he explained it to his satisfaction. It seems that Joe owned that lot, paid for it with good hard cash, and he'd got a "right" to make something on it.

So anyone is entitled to make a profit on anything he "owns," even if it is at the expense of other "owners"? I tried to make it a rhetorical question.

My guide pondered only briefly, then said: "You're right. By God! We ought to make him build a fence around it."

But let's not be too hard on worn-out automobiles; there are other "new" horrors defacing the landscape. In fact, every up-and-coming little town is making its own ugliness more appalling by erecting large, crudely-colored signs at the community entrances assuring a speeding visitor that he is now entering a veritable civic garden wherein he is assured of a fabulous welcome by cheerful hospitable citizens. These friendly billboards blot out, sometimes mercifully, what you might see of the town before you enter it. The sponsors of this gaudy hail-fellow placard make sure their firms' names appear on the board, with a well-chosen extolling of wares. Even at a quick glance it is easy to understand that all these lovable souls are urging you to buy something. It's hospitality with a cash register.

Smaller signs are ranged about the civic marches, too: for "drug" stores (the quotes are intentional), bide-a-wee's, restaurants, gas, groceries, and churches. These last are almost the worst offenders — and surely this is a new development in ugly holiness.

This is my own, my native land . . . crisscrossed with sagging wires pendant from the pseudo-crucifixes of utility poles, littered with the throw-away packaging of unrefillable waste, blotched with the obsolescent mechanisms that must be discarded to fulfill those statesmanlike words: *You Auto Buy Now!* My native land of frozen-dessert drive-ins where once the drugstore soda fountain dispensed staid sundaes, with a filling station on every corner (do filling stations have to be repulsively grimy?), with "modern" storefronts masking the crumbling reality of buildings older than my memory.

And why have we citizens let this community be defaced, that hamlet be scarred with open junkyards, this village disfigured by hot dog shacks, all of our settlements splotched with grime? Possibly because our status symbols have degenerated; the car marks a citizen's worth more than his home does. Possibly because our yardsticks for measuring values have been warped into \$ shapes, so that the measure of a man is his percentage of profit. Possibly our own tastes have become so perverted that we no longer see our surroundings.

And, just possibly, we see here the same confusion of thought that brings us to pride ourselves on sanitation and pollution, on being the cleanest nation on earth with the filthiest rivers.

If we admit our towns are uglier, does it necessarily follow that *life* is uglier in them? Aren't the people better dressed, compared to their city cousins, than in 1900? Our course. Don't they drive bright-chromed chariots, where once chugged the solid black of Fords. Ah, yes. Aren't these multihued sports shirts more handsome than denim overalls of the century-turn's farmers? Well, probably not.

In any case, the real question should be this: Is small-town living really happier, more stimulating, more satisfying to that inner hunger where bread alone does not fill the need?

Certainly small-town life was dull thirty years ago, to me, and to certain other qualified observers who have made an effort to remember their way through the stereotype. (Big cities are full of people who rhapsodize over their village child-

hood, but who left as soon as possible for the metropolis — and quite obviously not for the big money.) My little town was dull, and with more than a tinge of gossip, of affairs-minding. The streets were less littered then, but that doesn't prove the minds were.

But as the small town got uglier it also lost an ability to be a center for its citizens. The traditional band concert has virtually disappeared, even the bandstands are gone now; and while John Phillip Sousa may at long last lie quiet in his grave there was more culture in the grocer tooting a trumpet than there is the supermarket operator watching television. The Opera House was gone before my time but I remember its memory; at least the actors lived as they strutted and fretted before the footlights; they were not giant two-dimensional, color-tinted sex symbols.

Villagers no longer amuse themselves; the stores that stayed open late as loafing places now close at five o'clock so everyone can get home to squat before the flicker of a glass tube. There may be less gossip, less preoccupation with a neighbor's affairs, but there is also less feeling of community, less visiting and — somewhat paradoxical — less individuality. I remember a young lawyer who came to live in my youthful county seat from the big city and was charmed with it.

"You see," he explained, "Old Robbie can be eccentric as hell here. The marshal won't lock him up, because it's only Old Robbie. If he'd do the things on Olive Street that he does here on Main, the cops would throw him in — and there'd be no one to talk them into turning him out."

But that was in 1934.

Life wasn't beautiful in Missouri's small towns in 1930, but it wasn't so uniformly drab in such basically hideous surroundings. The houses — and the people — didn't all look alike.

A retired traveling salesman told me the other day that he was glad to get off the road. "Every town I used to visit had some unusual aspect, something that made it a little different and interesting. But since World War II, they've gotten to be all alike: same talk, same clothes, same false fronts."

It was suggested he might just be getting old, but he brushed it aside.

"All these people see the same television shows and the same movies," he said. "Their city newspapers all carry the same press stories. Their local papers don't have anything except canned editorials and

social events. Their cars all come from Detroit and their tastes from Madison Avenue and the mass manufacturers. What the hell has my age got to do with these people being pressed into a single mold?"

His experience covered six states and parts of two others; in my experience they are true of Missouri though there are a few exceptions tucked away in the hill country. Even these are fading fast. There is much more difference between Kansas City and Chicago in the air and attitude of metropolitan citizens, than between the people of Quincy and Cape Girardeau, or Princeton and Van Buren. For here precisely the same paperbacks are on exactly the same racks at the edge of counters dispensing exactly the same syrupy beverages. The people, having sought mass amusement to assuage mass boredom, have even agreed not to read the same books. They have lost the ability to amuse themselves.

They do, of course, pay many more visits to the alabaster cities that gleam across our fruited plains, the dazzling, airy prinnacles of romance that are typified by the glamor of a State Avenue in Chicago. Small-townners assuredly shop more in the cities, too, and see more "shows," which means only attending a movie. But this only attests to the poverty of village life. In fact, the few communities that do seem to have some focus, some consciousness of existence as a town unit, are those farthest removed in space and good highways from the big cities.

But *why*? Our current social mythology is obsessed with recapturing our rural past even as the city's ragged edge cuts deeper into the fields. The surge to suburbia has long since overwhelmed the middle class and now all solvent families are making themselves insolvent trying to pay for a country estate complete with six-room mansion and low down payment, where soil, house, and financing are all pre-fabricated. In this mass mood, why do people already living in the out-city paradises destroy what beauty they now have, what peace the spreading highways have left to them?

Sociologists would have to answer that. Some have — but they don't always agree. Certainly standardization isn't the *why*; it's one of the effects rather than a cause. I suspect that part of this is our standards of manufacturing, the built-in obsolescence that used to anger people but is now taken for granted. American economy is based upon an early wearing-out, upon styles and status,

upon purchase and repurchase. As an economic gadget aiding employment (and adding a hidden factor to inflation) this can be defended. But village living had never been geared to such a concept of life as this; the hamlets of Europe, Asia, and both the Americas were timeless places of residence. Here lived the people who kept life going. In the cities cultures flourished and died, conquerors rose and fell, but the peasants went on as they had, existing in their communities under the rule of tribal chiefs, barons, princes, kings, and parliaments.

The hamlets had a role to play; here the tillers of soil could find mutual protection, amusements, skills they lacked, markets from which food could move to the cities. It was true in an earlier America; it is still true but decreasingly so.

For the small towns have moved away from their role of performing functions for the farmer; not only are the farmers becoming fewer in numbers but they are also less dependent upon the village each year.

I suggest that the small town is becoming uglier, physically and in civic spirit, as it becomes less of a factor in national existence, less purposeful, less geared to performing a meaningful function. Where are the village stockyards now? Where is the store in which a clerk wrote down orders on his pad for farmwives on Saturday night, filling those orders while they went out to hear the band concert?

Today the villages are battling for industries, calling for Planned Progress, voting taxes against themselves to construct factories on a rent-free basis in the name of industrialization. Towns that once existed to serve a farming population struggle now to serve — sometimes with fawning obsequiousness — the managers of shoemaking plants or the proprietors of whoofle factories. The old independence and individuality that could be accommodated within a spirit of community has been broken on the wheel of economics and racked by our agricultural revolution.

Robbed of their pride, pressed into a conforming mold by mass communication media, littered even as the cities are with the debris of skillfully-planned waste, our small towns have collapsed into ugliness of soul and body.

There is no solution to this problem. Most of our social problems don't really have pat solutions, but only mitigations. The ugliness that is physical might be helped by zoning laws, enforceable at the county

level, but considering the achievements of city zoning commissions this isn't too hopeful a prognosis. Any attempt to "infringe upon property rights" certainly would be denounced as socialism.

Most conferences dealing with these matters wind up by calling for more education, though this is sometimes varied by pleas that we return to our eternal verities, the old-time religion or a pioneering spirit. These all mean the same thing, and you know what that is.

Enlightened state leadership might do some good. Most states have governmental branches designed to lure industry into the towns for the announced purpose of economic betterment. Why not have a department working to improve community appearance and culture for the purpose of human betterment? It doesn't seem likely any legislature would vote funds for aesthetic improvement, given the present climate, but there might be a chance.

Wistfully, I would like to think that the small towns may cure themselves, that somewhere a city council will leave off its preoccupation with parking meters and industrial opportunities and really plan, or even legislate with meaning, to look like the community described in the brochures it sends out. A few settlements that consciously strive to attract tourists with something more than signs have done this, to a degree. But I see pious resolutions rather than angry revolutions at the civic level.

So I have no solution; I don't think there *is* a solution. But we ought to end optimistically. So let's recognize our ability to adjust to the most depressing circumstances, to blinker from our vision that which we do not wish to see, to glorify the junk heap if only it has a fence about it, to pretend that we are sanitary if our cesspools drain into the river. We'll learn to live with ugliness, to tolerate it and, in the end, to make it a virtue.

Saults is the former editor of Missouri Conservationist and since 1957 assistant director of the Missouri Conservation Commission. He has spent most of his life writing and editing. Before World War II he bought the weekly Knob Noster Gem, becoming the youngest newspaper publisher in Missouri at the time. While publishing the Gem he became known for his vigorous editorial writing which led to frequent jousts with other editors.



A CALL FOR AN INTERNATIONAL HUMANITARIAN YEAR / *Regan Carpenter*

It is my firm belief that mankind can advance, perhaps not as rapidly, but as steadily, in the humanitarian as in the purely technological field. The success of the International Geophysical Year can be closely approached by a concentrated and coordinated study by social scientists and humanitarians of all nations, under the auspices of an "International Humanitarian Year."

Scientific progress has greatly outstripped social progress. But *must* a high degree of technical development be accompanied by a social, moral, and political lag? We cannot afford to live with this assumption nor the condition. Populations and population explosions will not wait. Emphasis must be placed upon social development in face of two popular fallacies: that humanitarian problems are not proper areas for serious scientific study and that mankind possesses adequate knowledge (gained by deduction or inspiration) and needs only a widespread application of that knowledge.

It is possible to solve many problems and improve all of them. Education and enlightenment make up the only genuine hope in a civilization which is not yet ready for international representative governance nor even for mutual reduction of global attack weaponry.

The International Humanitarian Year should be a year-long program of concentrated social research and study at the international level. Its major objective should be the advancement of peace. But as lasting peace is impossible in a world of rampant social ills, any intelligent attempt to maintain peace must attack those ills through intensive and coordinated research and study. These social problems must not be treated

as military problems nor must the considerable monetary cost of a program of social research impede our involvement.

The hope, nationally and internationally, is the social scientist.

The best which the scrupulous social scientist can offer appears puny against the unfounded promises of various fanatics. All of the social sciences are as yet relatively undeveloped. The amount of significant data is dwarfed by the abundance of unsupported data, and by the numerous questions admittedly remaining unanswered. Thus the conscientious social scientist must temper his statements and proposals, which seem mild and insipid in comparison to the unsupported statements and grandiose promises of quacks and charlatans as pointed out by George Lundberg in *Can Science Save Us?*

Social scientists need to develop an entirely new dimension in research. The problems which occupy social scientists are the most complex that exist, and the data are located within the nervous systems of living, acting human beings as well as in the interactions of individuals and groups. These specimens cannot be brought into the laboratory for dissection and analysis. There is as yet no widespread application of scientific method in social research. To this end social scientists must develop precise, new measuring instruments and standard, meaningful units of measure as generally applicable as possible.

The accelerating world-wide preoccupation with military concerns has convinced many that an emergency or "crash" program of some type is necessary, rather than a long-range project of social study and reform. In fact, the term "social re-

form", widely used to cover the practice of lip service is very often regarded as platitudinous by those in direct need of these reforms. It seems sensible to me to disregard the dichotomy of long-range versus short-term and to work for the establishment of both: emergency measures to prevent the total collapse of the international machinery of negotiation plus a program of extended social improvement.

Topics under consideration for study could include family living, mental health, eugenics and birth control, exploitation, racial prejudice, juvenile delinquency, religious distrusts, food (distribution and production), censorship, literacy, crime, old age, narcotics and alcohol, and conservation of resources.

The difficulties in an undertaking of this magnitude are obvious, yet the potential is limitless. As we try to send a man as far away as we can and to dig a shelter as deep as we can, surely it is time to engage in a program which may help us to stay here together as long as we can—above ground.

Regan Carpenter, assistant professor of education at Southern Illinois University has made a simple but potent suggestion: An International Humanitarian Year. His ideas were called to the attention of the director of the United States Commission for UNESCO by Sol Tax, chairman of the department of anthropology, University of Chicago. Further encouragement come from the executive secretary of the Social Science Committee of the United States Department of State, who has said that the Committee will consider the proposal soon.



Letter from Siegfried Reinhardt

With the advent of *FOCUS Midwest*, it seems appropriate to suggest, in the broadest strokes, some of the ideas which, I think, should motivate the department of art. The dominant factor which should determine the acceptance of materials should be simply *quality*.

The aim of this section of the magazine should be to provide as stimulating, provocative, and quality-conscious a program on art as is possible. It may be of an educational nature; it may consist, either by implication or direct intent, of articles dealing with the appreciation or understanding of the visual arts. It may examine, analyze, and draw conclusions from the multiple cross-currents extant in the contemporary world of art. It may ally itself with a point of view which is exclusive, snobbish, transcendent, unsound, righteous, or simply inept. It may, and perhaps will, also make a mistake, either in judgment, intent, or policy. Because of the fantastic variety and growing complexity of attitudes, philosophies, and forms of activities current in the name of art in our society, as broad a spectrum as possible should be covered and examined in this department in order to acquaint the readership with the intensity, vitality, and dedication

with which artists pursue their particular kind of vision.

Because the plastic arts rely, for comprehension and eventual understanding, exclusively upon *visual responses*, reproductions should be used. No reproduction of any work of art ever approximates in verisimilitude, the dynamic presence offered by the original, and this, of course, everyone knows. In the case of drawings, however, reproduction seems to lend itself more adequately than to painting and sculpture. Even though the photograph suffers severely in bringing any fragment of the original to the viewer, it does serve at least as an approximation.

Art is *a universal language*. For much of its impact, meaning, and understanding, irrespective of its place of origin, either in time or space, no factors implicit in any organized society effect the transcendent universality of major works of art. The continuing impact, for example, of a Michaelangelo or a Rembrandt in the Western and Eastern hemisphere, points up the power and significance of artistic genius as a major force in the human race, irrespective of political philosophy, creed, color, and national origin. Since so very few artists, working as painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, etc., ever

achieve a lasting place in history, even as second or third rate powers, the question of selecting contemporary art in this publication becomes compound in its difficulty. Even though it is, for the sake of maintaining the highest level of quality, extremely desirable to adhere to such standard, it should not be the function of *FOCUS/Midwest* to attempt to classify with a massive, egomaniacal presumption, what is great and forever significant for the human race. This attitude might not prevent such finality of judgment from appearing in the art section, since some artists work with a spiritually inviolable conviction about the security of their own greatness and an inflexible opinion about where everyone else belongs! It is indeed characteristic of an artist, whose dedication and talent form the central impulses governing the work of his life, to be definitive and relentless in practicing his art according to his chosen standards. Such kind of human being cannot and will not compromise his objectives in order to be a "nice guy." Moreover, such motivation and singleness of purpose is, certainly in our time, the rule rather than the exception. In the name of such self-proclaimed "individuality," it seems altogether evident that many artists also produce some

of the very worst kind of work, which becomes a part of the national, aesthetic product.

If one can agree that art in its visual forms is indeed a universal language, then it is immediately palpable that art supercedes all local, regional, and national limitations. Art on this level (the only level upon which it can seriously be considered), addresses itself to the universal human spirit. For this reason, these pages must necessarily rise above the stigmatic regionalism of the Middle West. This approach to art might well offend regionalistic sensibilities who wish to establish a self-conscious identity in a culturally ignored, national view, especially as it expresses itself through New York and the West Coast. The national Regionalist Movement of the depressed years of the 30's was quite as specific as its name implies. A body of work produced at that time in the name of a specific region of the United States pretended to find inspiration and great aesthetic values in a particular area of our soil. As any movement of this kind demonstrates, through the work that it engendered, art cannot be made to fit so rigid and specific a series of conditions without foregoing the dangers of banality, without risking the look of a pictorial propaganda in the service of a geographically, if not politically, delineated body of land. This is not to suggest that some of the painters identified with this movement haven't achieved works of art, but most of the painting accomplished at that time bears the dated look of a ten-year movement now about twenty-five years old. This is my opinion with which I shall, and have met, great opposition. Well and good. My contention is that any regionalist emphasis in a universal art form defeats the essential commitment of an aesthetic endeavor, no matter how competent the "regionalist" performance. If a movement accedes to nothing greater than the precepts of the manifesto of the movement, then its products assume eventually a sentimental and novel significance with which it remains stuck and, I think, justly so.

I do not think that the art department of this publication should concentrate in militant fashion on the Middle West, as if it were some badly-neglected and newly-discovered territory, rampant with greatness and genius, isolated and ignored by the citadels of culture. Most artists of any ambition and stature in the Middle West are represented outside the territory where, quite frankly, the vast Art Market exists. All of this is not to

be construed as a policy designed to ignore the enormous area defined as the Middle West, where, without any possible doubt or argument, a vast number of first rate artists are producing a very creditable body of work, to say nothing of collectors, who should most emphatically and inevitably appear in these pages. My hope for *FOCUS/Midwest* is that it assumes the philosophical breadth and depth consistent with the long, aesthetic view. A genuine work of art is not the result of intellectual provincialism, nor the self-conscious limitations arising out of geography. *FOCUS/Midwest* should not, if you please, chronicle a new kind of "regionalism."

Siegfried Reinhardt is an instructor of painting and drawing at Washington University. An artist of international renown, he has won many awards, most recently the second prize for painting at Statzione Marittima, Trieste, Italy. The First International Exhibition of Sacred Art with his painting "Crucifixion" which is in the permanent collection of the Whitney Museum of American Art.



Siegfried Reinhardt's Allegory No 3, 1958, oil; in collection of Mr. and Mrs. David W. Carter.

Anthropology should begin at home. Bernard Berenson.

VP

Virgin Cult in Saint Louis

Helen Dudar

No more than a half-hour spent browsing through the professional journals will confirm the fact that the anthropological brethren still concern themselves chiefly with remote places and people. Eskimo psychopathology and polyandry among the Paharis continue to absorb our trained analysts of cultural patterns to the neglect of some rather curious social anomalies closer to home.

There flourishes in St. Louis, for example—in modern, future-directed St. Louis—an exotic ritualistic autumnal feast climaxing in the coronation of a virgin queen. Ever since details of this event first came to me in a rush of fevered society page prose, I have been waiting for some adventurous spiritual heir of Franz Boas to happen by and explain it. In the interests then of a future scholar with doctoral ambitions, I set down these notes and observations.

Examined casually, the tradition of the Veiled Prophet Ball and the coronation of a Queen of Love and Beauty seem little more than an elaborate fish fry for the local *haut monde*. On a Tuesday evening in October, 10,000 men and women in evening dress assemble in cavernous Kiel Auditorium, secure in the knowledge that even if many of them are hundreds of feet distant from the main event, they are *there* and nearly everyone else is watching it at home on television. For the occasion, the decor is sumptuous and beggars description—two facts invariably confirmed the following day by the newspaper accounts.

The preliminaries may vary from year to year, but the main events are as fixed as the constellations. One sees first a procession of “matrons of honor,” stylishly-gowned and magnificently-corseted. They are followed by a promenade of “maids of honor,” advertising families of some importance.

There are trumpet flourishes, maneuvers by a company of young men in crepe beards and Bengal Lancer's uniforms, and herald's announcements in a home-made archaic language that unfailingly suggests a walk in a field of melting marshmallows. (“His mysterious majesty, in his great wisdom, has selected the finest maid of his beloved city. . . .”) Finally, the Veiled Prophet appears, his face hidden behind silver gossamer and his figure enrobed in a Cecil B. DeMille approximation of what any self-respecting Eastern potentate would wear. In turn, each of four “special maids” make entrances.

At last, the curtains part to reveal the new queen, her identity, until then, a reasonably well-kept secret. At first dazzling sight, she is a fixed smile surrounded by an 18-foot embroidered train and a gargantuan bouquet of orchids. Before the prophet's throne, she lowers herself to the floor in a bow that is very nearly a scrape. As she kneels, his unpracticed hand maims her \$15 hairdo with her symbol of regality: a platinum headache band surmounted by a diamond and sapphire replica of a crown, cleverly fashioned so that it may be removed later and worn as a pin. (The special maids receive a slightly smaller version, and to the uninitiated there is nothing quite as startling as the first sight of a large cocktail party with a dozen or more women in fashionable little black frocks, each one punctuated with the same diamond crown pin.)

There is dancing afterwards, and further organized fun at the Queen's Supper in the Chase Hotel. The next evening is devoted to bread and circuses. The most satisfying part of being a member of the elect is, after all, dazzling your inferiors. The chief personnel of this folk drama display themselves on decorated floats that wind through the city streets. It's a dandy parade and children love it.

A while ago, Cornelia Otis Skinner described the Veiled Prophet Ball as “the Ben-Hur of the debutante parties.” Indeed, as popular spectacle, it has no rival outside of Radio City Music Hall. Ours is the only city with a high society that regularly offers itself for public inspection in a three-hour televised extravaganza.

But the Skinner definition was the frivolous appraisal of a mere tourist. Surely, the truly entrancing elements of the VP tradition are the elaborate mythologies, embracing multiple levels of public and private beliefs, that surround it. An exploration of its origins and rituals is not unlike a romp among pages torn at random from Freud, Jung, *The Golden Bough* (one-volume, condensed version) and the written record of the more polite daydreams of a 10-year-old boy.

As symbol, the Veiled Prophet represents the best kind of father figure: commanding, omniscient, omnipotent. But nice. The traditional sketch shows a sturdy figure with soft eyes and a large white benign beard, rather like one's childhood image of God. The official literature reports that he dwells in the mythical kingdom of Khorassan, a land so free of

normal, everyday tensions that, like all literary Paradises, it makes Purgatory seem attractive. (The real Khorasan, an eastern province of Iran, is famous for the high quality of its opium. It is plain, however, that we are dealing here with nothing more heady than a common addiction to the charms of magic.)

One day, the legend continues, the Prophet determined to share his blessing with a deserving distant land. Once a year, the chosen people would be allowed to "throw off their earthly cares and become as happy as children." The search was exhaustive, the choice obvious: that place promising to be "the best place in all the land in which to establish a business and the best place to make a home in the real sense of the word." The amalgam of fairy tale and municipal patriotism is unbeatable. The skeptical may wonder about adults annually acting out a kindergarten pageant, but who can safely question Constructive Civic Outlook?

As any witch doctor will testify, making magic is strenuous labor. Someone must plan the ball, pick the girls, select a theme for the floats and commission their construction, handle financing and approve the guest list. The donkey work is the assignment of an organization which makes whimsical play of titles. At times, it has been the Mystic Order of the Veiled Prophet of the Enchanted Realm, on other occasions the Mysterious Order of the Grand Monarch and, still others, the Mysterious Order of the Grand Oracle.

The order is secret for compelling reasons set forth in the incomparable prose of its 50th anniversary souvenir program: "... that there should be no jealousy or business or social rivalry to mar the friendliness of this Court of Love and Beauty and that no outside influence might creep in to bring dissensions among his subjects, the Prophet desired that the Order should be a secret one, but secret in a thoroughly wholesome sense. . . ."

The explanation at once allies the members with such worthy principles as respecting the confidential nature of the relationship between analyst and analysand and abstaining from betraying military secrets to the enemy. The policy effectively keeps the order safe from democracy. Who, after all, wants to stage a sit-in in front of a post office box? (The traditional return address of the order is P. O. Box No. 1903. It also has a home—in organizational vernacular,

a "den"—in a big anonymous-looking warehouse where parade paraphernalia is stored, Thursday night meetings are convened and, following the parade, a giant stag party is held.)

In every conforming soul dwells a yearning for proof that something sets it apart from most neighboring conforming souls. Membership in an elite secret order gratifies a human need for a sense of exclusivity. The distinction, however, is useless unless it can be flaunted occasionally, and this is achieved once a year. By their womenfolk shall ye know them. The 60-to-70 ladies who promenade about the room are wives of members; the maids, special maids, and queen are offspring or close relatives of members, and each escort for each lady in the procession is a member. In addition, the great hall is speckled with functionaries of the order, identified by the small gold VP emblem worn on a colored ribbon around the neck. Since possibly three-fourths of the 10,000 in attendance are guests of members, the chic are easily separated from the gauche.

The order is a homogeneous group said to number upwards of 1,000 men, many of them among the most substantial figures in the community. A member is not picked, he is "called" to service. The ritual appears to resemble being tapped for the best secret society at Yale. A servant of the VP may be rich or he may be lacking capital but boasting family lineage or he may be important in commerce or a profession. He may be all of those things and never make it. One local baron of industry has been hankering pitifully for years to be summoned. He has every qualification, it appears, except the approval of his peer group. "He is not quite a gentleman," explains a knowledgeable source.

In the presence of civilians, each member is expected to feign ignorance on the subject of the order and so are his wife, children, and talking parakeet. One of the charming inconsistencies about the group is the single instance in which it formally relaxes its secrecy policy; the only publicly acknowledged member is its publicity chairman.

From among the members is chosen the Oracle, the man who wears the veil at ball and parade. Apart from its obvious atavistic significance—in the old days, Frazier reminds us, tribal chieftains used to screen their faces from the multitudes to ward off evil spirits—the veil is utilitarian, providing continu-

ity for an 84-year-old tradition. Like Santa Claus, the VP never dies. He just masquerades in a business suit for the rest of the year as president of a bank or as an important corporation lawyer. The Prophet used to be changed bi-annually, but in recent years his term of office may have been reduced since he now varies annually in size, shape, and gait. He functions much like any board chairman, choosing committees with which he will work out and dictate details of the ball and its personnel.

As an object of community veneration, the Prophet has, for years now, taken second place to the queen and to a lesser extent, to her four special maids. The development might be considered an apt example of Weber's concept of bureaucratization of charisma; inevitably, the role of the magnetic leader is blurred by the System. Bureaucracy, one suspects, with its affinity for finicky detail, is essentially feminine. Within the system, the queen may be homely, or she may be built like a Notre Dame fullback. But she must be pure, at least in the conventional sense of the word. The young virgin is historically indispensable to important tribal ceremonials. No greater scandal ever overtook the tradition than the revelation that the 1928 queen had secretly taken a husband a few weeks before she took the crown. She was dethroned three weeks after the ball and read out of the Social Register and her image was banished forever from gallery of queens' portraits maintained by the Missouri Historical Society.

Oddly enough, the coronation element was an afterthought to the ritual. For 16 years after tradition began, the girl chosen by the Prophet for the opening dance could merely consider herself belle of the ball. The first belle was Miss Susie Slayback, and her selection was inevitable, since it was her father who hatched the fantasy.

Like jazz, Alonzo Slayback came up the Mississippi from New Orleans. A Confederate colonel, he settled in St. Louis after the Civil War and, in 1878, found himself part of a group of local business leaders who were hunting for new means of injecting life into the city's old agricultural fair. Slayback, who had been active in the New Orleans Mardi Gras, helped develop the civic carnival for St. Louis and conceived its singular mythology. We shall never know how it came to him. The

He wrote that it was the "nearest thing to a 'stroke of genius'" he had ever produced. Slayback's interests, however, seemed to be more civic than social. He reckoned that with the continuity of the VP concept and the dedicated service of a secret order the city could look forward to attracting crowds to the fair for 100 years, if not forever. The fair, of course, disappeared long ago and, with it, a rather coarse touch. The early invitations carried the name of the Chamber of Commerce as co-sponsor of the Prophet's visit. The founder, incidentally, met a pioneer's fate. Colonel Slayback was shot to death during a violent political quarrel with an editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* in 1882. He did not live to see the first crown bestowed in 1894.

By tradition, the queen is usually native-born and a debutante, signifying membership in that social class which formally places its girl children on the marriage market. She is likely to be an alumna of Mary Institute, the most fashionable local girl's prep school, or, if she is the occasional non-Protestant, a graduate of Villa Duchesne, the fashionable Catholic girls' institution. The daughters of Israel may aspire no higher than the second string section. The order's membership includes a scattering of Jews and, from time to time, a Semitic name, usually with an Episcopalian affiliation, will be found among the several dozen ordinary maids of honor.

Along with the cost of the gown and the length of the train, the burdens of queenship have grown through the years. The queen-elect learns of her elevation from her father during the spring and is expected to keep the secret from friends who invariably divine the choice and badger her for an admission. If she is enrolled in an out-of-state school, she is expected to suspend her studies for a year or transfer to a local college so that, like British royalty, she will be available to fulfill a quota of appearances at respectable philanthropic, cultural, and civic events.

The position also carries its perquisites. The vestal virgins of Rome, after all, got front seats at gladiatorial contests. For one year, it is possible for a quite ordinary young girl to achieve celebrity. She is photographed, flattered, and sought after. But no silver lining is without a cloud.

"No matter how drab-looking or charmless the girl may be," a young

man observed recently, "she doesn't have to worry about a Saturday night date for the next year. For some bachelors, especially the men who are only half-way 'in,' it's important to be seen with her. I've known a couple of girls nearly destroyed by this. Because if she's a drag or not especially pretty, she'll be dropped the minute her term ends. There's a new queen and a new flock of debutantes every year."

A former queen, a handsome young matron, agreed that temporary adulation offers psychic hazards. "You get a lot of attention, but you sort of begin to lose any sense of your identity," she said. "I found myself wondering whether people liked me because of me or because of the title."

Musing about the experiences not long ago, she recalled that she had, and continues to harbor, mixed feelings about the honor.

"I was shy and didn't want to do it, but I didn't want to disappoint my father. I can't remember the coronation very well — I was in a state of shock the whole time, terrified that I'd trip on that long walk to the throne or throw up in my bouquet.

"It was an interesting year, though. You do all sorts of charitable work and get to see parts of the city you never saw before. There are interesting things like making appearances at children's institutions.

"I've often thought the title, Love and Beauty, was unfortunate. Children expect to see a fairy princess. Sometimes the queen isn't pretty and children can be pretty cruel about their disappointment.

"Looks shouldn't matter that much. It's really not so much an honor for the girl as for her father. They're choosing the father, a man who has done a lot for the city and, I guess, a lot for the order, so the girl, she's just there to stand in for her father."

It is a firmly-held plebeian folklore conviction that the honor involves a handsome Veiled Profit — that the queenship, if not bought, must be well paid for.

The reports have been denied fervently, while the financing of ball and parade has remained a mystery, unyielding to the eyes of curious outsiders. The expenses are high. The order, for example, continues the graceful amenity of having invitations delivered by hand. They are brought in an anonymous truck, along with a souvenir that may be a handsome ashtray or a monstrously

ugly plastic telephone cover. In addition to annual dues contributed by a large number of prosperous members, it is understood that special tribute is exacted, on a graduated scale, from those whose womenfolk will take part in the pageant, but it is said to be nothing like the tens of thousands of dollars rumored. Some expenses can probably be paid off from the profits realized on the Queen's Supper which is usually priced at \$50 a couple. The order pays for everything except the lavish, specially-designed ceremonial gown which probably costs father from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

Apart from a vein of gross skepticism, two main points of view on this annual visitation seem to prevail among the populace. One is represented by the simple believers in miracles. The queen's mail often includes pathetic letters from the desperate poor, begging for small sums of money.

The other and the socially-approved point of view is characterized by reverence. It is deeply ingrained, even among the secret renegades who may sometimes wonder whether the tradition quite merits the solemnity that surrounds it. One does not ask who the Veiled Prophet is this year, one does not try to pry into the secrets of the order and one never makes it a source of wit, not, at least, in circles where it is taken seriously.

"I couldn't talk to you about it," I was told by an acquaintance who classifies herself as a non-believer. "It would be — well, like blaspheming."

Seemingly, whatever the private reservations, the public discussion must always be keyed to spasms of admiration. It may never have been better expressed than it was last fall by a lady TV commentator, trapped into silence during a lull in the proceedings and desperate for additional narrative. As she put it, while the camera focused on a distant back view of the new queen, "It's all so sincere."

Helen Dudar is a former New York newspaperwoman and freelance writer, now a resident of the Middle West.



BOOKS

And here is our first book-review section, representing interests of all kinds—discussions of books on religion, science, Walt Whitman, sociopolitical matters; reviews written by some of the experts in which our region abounds.

The coverage is encyclopedic—and use of this word suggests one of the industries of the area's largest city, Chicago. Many of our Midwestern authors were trained on newspapers in the cities of the region, but a number of them served on the staffs

of encyclopedias in Chicago. The latest edition of one of the finest of these, Compton's, has just come in; it is the most fully pictorial of the encyclopedias, and its information about today's world is up to the moment, just as its articles about our past represent the latest scholarship. (In deluxe "imperial" binding, Compton's cost \$179.50; other bindings are less expensive.) This is a proud Middle-Western product, and a good opening note for our book section.

HARRY T. MOORE

ROSE ISLAND

for Roderick O'Connor

Who will remember, who will know again
That isolate island in sight of the mainland?
The long cough of the rocky beach, the rusty pools
Where small crabs hustled green into darker weed?
Who will study the subterranean pockets
Tough-walled with mussels and periwinkle blue
In the flashes of light on the iodine-odored sea?
Who will know what it is in the summer noon
To stand and look back at the continental shore
As far on the harbor as if it were forever?
Who will remember how it is to kneel
By the pink and purple beach-peas while the salt
Wind bends over filled with a wild rose drench?
Or stare from the ridge at the whole island's length
Bow to stern in one embracing glance?
Who else would hear voices that are not there
Where we gazed up at tall and talking people?
On the treeless ridge in grass knee-high?
Who will know again? —Who will remember?
As children in the sun who loved that island?

WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

A DEFENSE OF "THE BIG CITY MACHINE"

Political Influence, EDWARD C. BANFIELD (The Free Press, \$6.00)

by Richard Lockhart
Editor and Publisher,
ILLINOIS POLITICAL REPORTER

This book, among other things, constitutes a highly sophisticated defense of the big city political machine. It was not intended to be such, but its conclusions certainly point in that direction.

The book is a study, financed by the Edgar B. Stern Family Fund, which stipulated that the book set forth the political realities which should be taken into account by anyone seeking to improve the governmental structure of metropolitan Chicago.

In order to determine these realities, the author carefully examined six recent controversial issues in the Chicago area. He then drew from these situations a number of generalizations which to this reviewer seem both perceptive and valid.

These generalizations are not the usual fare of university professors (as Banfield is) or civic reformers; they are more often the unarticulated expressions of the intelligent, professional politicians.

The author's thesis goes like this: in metropolitan Chicago there exist many governing bodies which are independent of each other on the formal level, although they may be interrelated to a great degree. When an organization, which may be either public or private, attempts to make any significant change in the status quo, more than one government agency or private organization will be affected and strong opposition to any change will develop. Ordinary administrative decisions can quickly become big political issues. The opposition will attempt to get at least one of the independent governmental units to withhold necessary support. Under such circumstances, nothing would ever get changed. However, there exists in Chicago an informal centralization of political power. This is the strong, pervasive political machine.

The cases under study describe the ways in which influence was brought to bear on this political machine. If, as in Chicago, one person holds both the position of head of the political machine as well as the head of a large formal unit of government, he obviously is a very powerful person, though not without

some limitations.

To secure the proper degree of cooperation, he must be prepared to give up something. Everyone has a stock of influence. The successful politician learns how to "invest" his power so that he can become more powerful. Jobs, favors, election support, and other bits of influence are the usual negotiable instruments. Political trading becomes necessary since the political boss does not have the formal authority to match his role as a decision-maker.

The author describes how the powerful political leader needs the "seal of approval" from some newspapers, civic organizations, and business leaders and how this can lead to some mutually advantageous relationships.

Lest anyone conclude that a conspiracy exists between Chicago's mayor and a few big business moguls, the author devotes a very useful chapter to the "mythology of influence." Here he effectively eliminates some of the fuzzy thinking that often stands in the way of a clear understanding of the political facts of life by many otherwise intelligent people.

Banfield concludes with an analysis of two processes by which issues are resolved. There is the social choice process in which various interested parties compete to attain their own aims. The eventual conclusion of such competitive struggle constitutes the social choice. Then, there is the central decision process in which one person deliberately resolves a problem.

Banfield observes that a mixed-decision-choice process exists in Chicago and while it may take longer to produce an outcome, it more often than not, is the more preferable technique.

This book will trouble some people in that it describes how issues are instigated, fought, and resolved on other than the traditional democratic and deliberative process. The electorate and their elected representatives are not actors in these dramas of civic conflict. The actors are power groups with rather narrow bases and political leaders who have built themselves into near-impregnable positions and are therefore, to a large extent, independent of the electorate. (This is not as contradictory as it may sound.)

This reviewer has had some experience with powerful interest groups and politicians in Chicago and finds himself in general agreement with the author's conclusions. Except for such things as crime and taxes, the

masses are never involved in municipal problems. Gradually, because of a number of factors, the citizen in the big city finds himself disenfranchised in all but the strictly legal sense of the word. Complex government, technicians, skilled interest groups, and patronage-oriented politicians have eroded the ability of the people to influence municipal decisions. This trend will intensify and suggests that the solution might be for more people to participate in more interest groups. Out of the competition perhaps a more "democratic" alternative will be found.

A MIDWESTERN MIND?

The Midwest: Myth or Reality?

*A Symposium, edited by
THOMAS T. McAVOY, C. S.
C. (University of Notre Dame
Press, \$3.50, 96 pp.)*

by Irving Dilliard

This book is one of those delights to read that comes along too rarely. It is, in the first place, short. Since it has about a hundred pages it can be read easily in one sitting. Its brevity makes for economy of language and conciseness generally. It contains no padding to fill out this section or that chapter. It reflects the study and thinking of seven writers each of whom has earned a reputation in his field and the right to hold opinions and to speak them. And it deals with where we live, how we live and the changes in our living that are taking place under our eyes.

Recognizing the chief criticisms lodged against the Midwest and deciding in a sense to do something about them, the University of Notre Dame in Booth Tarkington's Indiana, conducted a symposium on the pros and cons of the large American heartland, called for want of a better name the Middle West. What was said at the symposium makes up the book. The editor, a professor of history at Notre Dame, planned the symposium and himself contributes the section on "What Is the Midwestern Mind?"

"Has the Midwest Ceased to Protest?" Answering this question Professor Russell B. Nye of Michigan State University says emphatically that the Midwest continues to protest but that it does so "toward constructive ends." He agrees readily that the people of the Midwest now accept giant corporations the size of which "would send a Kansas Populist into shock and leave an old trust-busting Progressive utterly speechless." But he finds that this "most

American part of America," as Lord Bryce called the Midwest, does hold the key to many of the future's vital decisions.

New York, he writes, "has contributed the handpainted tie and eye-patch advertisement to our culture, California the beat poet and the barbecue pit, and Dixie the ersatz Confederate and Texas joke, but the man in Kokomo, Kalamazoo and Keokuk very likely determines where the nation goes."

The nature of the Midwest's voice in politics has been affected by the change in where its people live. This used to be a region of small towns, farms, and rural peace and quiet. Now the land is dominated by the middle-sized city, not by the rural county seat. If the big cities grew—Detroit by 26 per cent and Milwaukee and Minneapolis each by 18 per cent—in the 1940s, it was the medium-sized industrial city such as Lansing, South Bend, Evansville, Rock Island, Madison, Des Moines, Sioux Falls, and Lima that burst out phenomenally.

As a consequence organized labor is more and more potent even in the so-called farm states. Thus there are 300,000 union members in Wisconsin, 250,000 in Minnesota, 150,000 in Iowa, and some 75,000 even in Kansas. Mary Ellen Lease who once advised Midwestern farmers to "raise more hell and less corn" would probably speak in a Wichita union hall if she turned up today in Sockless Jerry Simson's home state.

As political strength and efficacy have tended to pass into these new hands the small towns and rural areas have become to a large extent the repositories of the opposition to movement and change. As Prof. Nye puts it, "country lawyers, small-town business men and 'the courthouse crowd' carry on the rituals of old-time rearguard conservatism."

The other participants in the symposium take up related Midwest matters and deal with them in the same sharp, direct, informing way. Prof. Jay W. Wiley of Purdue University documents his conclusion that Midwestern industry is not "merely tributary to the East." Donald R. Murphy, editor of *Wallace's Farmer* for many years, explains the plight of Midwestern farmer, and says that when he looks at the economic order surrounding him, "he may feel that he cannot afford the luxury of economic independence." Then he remembers what one farmer said in AAA days. "I would rather be regimented than foreclosed."

The symposium is rounded out by Senator Gale W. McGee of Wyom-

ing, former faculty member at the Universities of Chicago, Notre Dame and Wyoming, on the reputed isolationism of the Midwest and discussions of its literature and culture by Prof. John T. Flanagan of the University of Illinois and John T. Frederick of Notre Dame. The common conclusion is that the Midwest is very much a reality.

CATHOLIC THOUGHT IN A PLURALISTIC SOCIETY

A Preface to Metaphysics,
JACQUES MARITAIN, (60c,
142 pp.)

American Catholic Dilemma,
THOMAS F. O'DEA (60c,
144 pp.)

The Dynamics of World History,
CHRISTOPHER DAWSON,
(95c, 477 pp.)

The Dead Sea Scrolls and Primitive Christianity, JEAN DANIELOU, S. J. (translated by Salvador Attano, 60c, 128 pp.)
(All are published by Mentor Books of the New American Library)

by Martin E. Marty
Associate Editor,

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

Omega is the last letter of the Greek alphabet. It symbolizes the last word, the culmination, the consummation. To the Jesuit scientist Pierre Teilhard de Chardin it represented the final existential harmony toward which the creation is pointing. Mr. and Mrs. William Birmingham, editors of *Cross Currents*, have chosen the word Omega to characterize and give title to the newest paper back book series. The intention of the series, published by Mentor Books of the New American Library, is to contribute in a pluralistic society to Catholic self-understanding and non-Catholic awareness of Catholic intellectual life. This is to be achieved by making noted Catholic thought available in permanent form at low cost.

One problem, as we scan the first four titles — excellent choices all — is to ask: What do you do for an encore after an Omega? Christopher Dawson, Jacques Maritain, Jean Danielou, at least these three have the stature and magic needed to introduce such a series; if the best is served first, what will follow? Indeed, future volumes sound somewhat less exciting. Fewer non-Catholics, I am sure, will be interested in

Maria Montessori and even in Thomas More and John Henry Newman, concerning whom future Omega's are planned, than they will be in the present volumes. Perhaps the book of broadest interest in the next sequence is *The Essential Thomas Aquinas*. Readers of *FOCUS/Midwest* will be interested in noting that the editor of that work, George Klubertanz, S.J., is also an advisor of this magazine.

For the present we see Roman Catholic thought in four dimensions.

Jean Danielou is one of the best-known French Catholics; he has taught at Notre Dame and become familiar to American readers. His review of the parallels between Christian origins and the Essene community at Qumram, uncovered since 1947, will surprise many. Often Catholic biblical scholarship in the past has been defensive and protective; it would be expected that the Dead Sea Scrolls would be pushed off into the nether regions. Danielou brings them downstage in full view; he relishes every link between them and New Testament revelation. This is done aggressively and venturesomely, in a manner that comes easy to a self-assured scholar. Many accents of Jesus, John the Baptist, Paul, 'John', and the early church are prefigured and paralleled in the community's writings and remains. Yet Danielou consistently points to the uniqueness and originality of the Christian environment which, once more, has been deeply embedded in the earthly milieu. This is the claim made by the New Testament itself, only to be denied by many insecure, edgy Christians of later times.

Little need be said concerning Maritain's seven lectures on metaphysics; they could be called "An Introduction to Being." Suffice it to say that this is among the simpler philosophical works of the urbane lecturer. Its supply of calculated wit and anecdote will lighten the road for the newcomer. Whether St. Thomas is really so normative for philosophy as Maritain thinks is the important question. The non-Catholic who is trying to make up his mind will do well to explore the question in this book's light.

Christopher Dawson, a British lay medievalist who combines the attributes of the scholar's scholar with a literary grace that attracts the non-specialist saw his essays collected some years ago by John J. Mulloy; they are here reprinted. Dawson presents a top-to-bottom analysis of Christendom, that millennium-long moment when Christ and Culture

were interpenetrating, interpermeating, fusing each other's spheres. Implicit is a defense of efforts to continue to nurture and enliven the Christian culture. Whether this is possible and even theologically wise is a vital concern to many today in an age which could better be called 'post-Christendom' than 'post-Christian'. Varied themes (Bolshevism, Toynbee, the modern city, etc.) give the reader unhurried opportunity to pursue Dawson.

Most criticism of the role of the intellectual leave us cold; too much laundering of tattle-tale gray linen; too much narcissism and complaint abound. Not so in the forthright attack by Thomas F. O'Dea on the Roman Catholic church's past failures to produce American intellectuals. His strictures and questions leave little comfort for non-Catholic religionists.

A word is in order concerning price. Recently I made up a list of recommended paper backs for Protestants. 282 books represented averaged \$1.37 each—the beginning of escalation toward the cost of hard cover books. The first four Omegas cost exactly half that on the average; the books are of permanent quality with reasonably attractive covers (they are slightly 'busy'). Thanks to Mentor for helping to further the conversation between faiths at such a modest cost. Midwesterners are known for their breakthroughs in Catholic-nonCatholic discussion (Collegeville, Minnesota; Notre Dame, etc.) They are also known for their conservatism, also in fiscal matters. These new literary instruments of understanding should appeal to both the Midwestern venture and the Midwestern personality.

WHITMAN RESCUED

Walt Whitman as Man, Poet, and Legend, GAY WILSON ALLEN, with *A Check List of Whitman Publications 1945-1960*, EVIE ALLISON ALLEN (Southern Illinois University Press, \$6.50, 260 pp.)

by Robert D. Faner
Professor of English
Southern Illinois University

Few have done more to bring our greatest poet and his proper audience together than Gay Wilson Allen. This quiet scholar has for years made it his principal objective to rescue Whitman from the over-blown claims of some, the specious analyses of others, and the patronizing slurs of

still more. Granting that the poet was an eccentric, complex, and inspired man, Allen believes that he was a deliberate and artistic craftsman, writing poetry that can be understood and admired if only the man and the work can be extricated from the myths. *The Solitary Singer*, Allen's biography, was a giant step in this direction.

The new book, a collection of essays of which some have been published previously, continues the work and becomes in fact an important critical review of recent international study and criticism of Whitman. Mrs. Allen's 65-page check list further adds to the book's scholarly usefulness. She describes her work as "unselective and comprehensive but not exhaustive," though it is so nearly the latter that it becomes at once an important tool. It indicates at a glance the enormous range of Whitman study, listing among other things 123 books and 480 articles published about the poet during a 15-year period. There is no index for the work, a somewhat annoying omission.

The major essays in the book will interest readers variously, depending on their background in Whitman study. "The Man," for example, originally a Centennial lecture, is a generalized statement for a popular audience of biographical material presented in detail in *The Solitary Singer*. On the other hand, "Cosmos Inspired" is a fresh argument for the relative importance of the "universal vision" in Whitman's work, though the most important aspect of the essay is its brief treatment of Whitman as a Symbolist poet, a matter not yet thoroughly explored or properly understood. Though Allen does not suggest it, critics may yet be able to show, for example, that Whitman and Eliot used some tricks in common.

"Mutations in Whitman's Art" is a persuasive and needed rejoinder to Malcolm Cowley's recent eloquent defense of the poet's earliest "Leaves" as his best. Allen points out that the poems changed, not necessarily worsened, as the poet matured; that the "sharp, clear imagery" of Cowley's praise gave way to "verbal harmonies, symbolical imagery . . . and aesthetic poise"; and that only by the third edition of *Leaves*, in 1860, had the short poem been mastered.

The beginning student of Whitman, who is often nearly immobilized in his reading and understanding of the poet by the vastly differing "images" of the man and his work put forth by biographers and critics, will find real assistance in "Whitman's Image in the Twentieth Cen-

tury." Here is a clear statement of the various attitudes, an account of their origins, and a convincing evaluation of their relative importance. The significant roles of the foreign critics Catel, Schyberg, and Asselineau are properly stressed, and the once damaging effect of the vogue of T. S. Eliot and the New Critics on Whitman appreciation is examined.

Fourteen previously unpublished letters by and to Edward Carpenter, an English writer who knew Whitman, are presented for the light they may throw on the poet's personality and on one of the most problematical aspects of it, his sexual nature. The texts are of interest but since most of the material has been used and evaluated before, not much new clarification is provided.

A LAYMAN REPORTS ON FALLOUT

A Report On Fallout In Your Food, ROY HOOPES, (Signet Books, 50c, 128 pp.)

by John M. Fowler
Associate Professor of Physics,
Washington University

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the book "A Report on Fallout in Your Food" is that it exists at all. That it is now possible for a non-scientist to produce a book which is balanced and reasonably accurate is extremely heartening to those of us who have since 1956 been trying to bring into the public arena the material necessary for citizen decision-making. Roy Hoopes, the author, has professional training in history and has writing and editorial experience of a non-technical nature. He has been able, from semi-technical sources of information and with the aid of government scientists to reach the kind of understanding which should provide mature guidance to the political, ethical, and sociological decisions posed by these nuclear problems. As proof that this level of lay understanding can be reached; as a sort of a final exam for the course this "Report" is impressive.

For a review, however, it must be also criticized in a different context; as a work with aims, a structure for achieving these aims, and final success or failure. Hoopes sets his goals in the introduction:

"I agreed to set out as the average head of a family of four (which I am) to find out everything a non-scientist could learn about fallout in his food."

The Report is in three parts: "Understanding the Problem," "Fallout in your Food" and "Countermeasures."

The first part of the book has in it the mistakes and misleading statements which popularization by a non-expert too often brings. As one among many examples, the distinction between internal radiation such as strontium 90 delivers and external radiation such as is received from cosmic rays is not clearly made.

The strongest part of Part One is the summary of the history of "permissible levels" and a good treatment of the role of the present Radiation Protection Guide (RPG) of the Federal Radiation Council.

Part Two is largely a survey of the data pertaining to strontium 90 concentration in various items of diet. This section contains some 27 tables from the AEC Health and Safety Laboratory Tri-City Study and the studies conducted by Consumers Union. These data are often superfluous and overlapping and certainly of interest to only a few readers.

The most interesting material appears in Part Three, "Counter-measures." Hoopes quite correctly advises against diet changes and makes the important point that milk is a relatively better source of essential calcium than any other food. His treatment of the possibility of reducing the danger of the short-lived Iodine 131 by diluting it with non-radio active iodine is equivocated by quoting the indecisive Public Health Service statements. There is a useful suggestion that leafy vegetables be thoroughly washed.

Hoopes has accomplished the minimum needed to make his book useful. He has carefully outlined the role of milk and stayed away from diet recommendations, he summarizes well the available data on present concentrations of radioactivity and has interpreted them in the perspective of natural background. He properly underlines the necessity for understanding on the part of the public.

The weaknesses of the book can probably all be traced to haste, to the desire to get it on the market while the subject was salable. This haste led to unevenness, to repetitive and sometimes contradictory statements.

It is also likely that this urge into print caused Hoopes to confine his consultations to government scientists. The book would have benefited from some exposure to the viewpoint of scientists not so tied to the governmental agencies.

In summary then, Roy Hoopes has produced a useful little book which speaks well for his judgement concerning fallout if not so well of his understanding. With time, care, and perhaps help he could have produced a much better book.

FOR THE CONSUMER

Information released by Federal Commissions, Better Business Bureaus, or other sources.

Federal Trade Commission

Consent Orders (Respondents' agreement to discontinue challenged practices is for settlement purposes only and does not constitute an admission of a violation of law.)

Pierce Oil & Refining Co. and Springfield Refinco Co., both of 1023 E. Washington St., Springfield, Ill., have consented to stop allegedly misrepresenting their re-refined lubricating oil (sold under various brand names including "Saf T Lub") as oil that has not been previously used.

The FTC has issued a consent order forbidding Rail-Road Communications School, Inc., 1302 McGreen St., Kansas City, Mo., to misrepresent that it guarantees employment to its correspondence and residence training course for positions as railroad station agents and telegraph operators.

Initial Decisions (these are not final and may be reviewed by the Commission.)

A FTC hearing examiner has issued an order which would require Quality Thrift Furs, Inc. and Hopper Fur Co., Inc., respectively located at 501 and 425 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo., to stop misbranding and falsely advertising furs.

Food and Drug Administration

Criminal Cases:

Archibald E. Baird, t a Austin Drug & Truss Co., Chicago, Ill., was sentenced for selling amphetamine and barbituate without a physician's prescription.

The James H. Forbes Tea and Coffee Corp., 922 Clark Ave., St. Louis, Mo., was charged with allegedly mislabeling products to show false weight. No verdict has been given as yet.

Millpax, Inc. and Roy F. Paxton, sec.-treas., Carlock, Ill., were found guilty of misbranding an iron tonic with unwarranted claims.

Seizure of Products:

Expectogen, manufactured by E. W. Heun Co., St. Louis, Mo., for King Pharmaceutical Co., Inc., Montgomery, Ala., was seized on charges that it is a "new drug" for which no safety clearance from the FDA had been obtained as required. Expectogen is promoted for relief of coughs due to colds.

June, 1962

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Rep. Paul Simon/*Segregation in Illinois*
Irving Achtenberg/*Kansas City Politics*
Dr. Addison Duval/*Mental Health Programs*
Elmer Gertz/*The Banning of Books*
David M. Grant/*The Use of Lie Detectors*
William R. Ming, Jr./*Earl Dickerson and the FEPC*
U. S. Sen. Edward V. Long/*Wiretapping Laws*
Martin L. Faust/*The Missouri Constitution*
James L. C. Ford/*Press, Radio, and TV*
Frank Kelly/*Visiting with President Truman*
Homer C. Wadsworth/*Health and Welfare*

and other articles by Herman Kogan, Mark Perlberg, Ralph Helstein, Robert J. Havighurst, Lorenzo J. Greene, Rep. Abner J. Mikva, Harry Barnard, Warren E. Peterson, Irving Dilliard, Tilghman R. Cloud, Robert C. Hoyt; book reviews by Edward U. Condon, A. T. Brown, J. W. Peltason, Alexander Calandar, and others.

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knew him intimately. Even so he sought to satisfy the requirement and filled out the form. Doing so he followed an instruction to summarize his view of "the principles underlying the Constitution of the United States." He wrote that "the most important" principle

is that such government is constituted so as to secure certain inalienable rights, those rights of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness (and elements of these rights are explicitly set forth in . . . the Bill of Rights). And, of course, whenever the particular government in power becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and thereupon to establish a new government. This is how I view the Constitution.

This reference to the historic American right of revolution in the event of assumption of power by a tyrant, taken though it was straight from the Declaration of Independence, led to many oral questions when George Anastaplo appeared before a two-man subcommittee. Eventually questions were asked as to his political affiliations, religious beliefs, and other matters which the applicant believed to be outside the committee's function.

One of the questions was: "Are you a member of the Communist Party?" He declined to answer all such questions, including as well whether he was a Democrat, a Republican, a member of the Ku Klux Klan or the Silver Shirts, and whether he believed "in the Dictator." One committee member insisted that belief or lack of belief in a supreme being "has a substantial bearing upon fitness to practice law."

As to the propriety of the religious test, it remained for the young applicant to show the senior members of the Illinois bar who were examining him that all questions concerning religious beliefs in such a proceeding had been unconstitutional in Illinois since 1870!

The committee declined, 11 to 6, to certify Anastaplo and so he took his case to court. The story of the ins and outs and the ups and downs is too long to tell here in any detail. It stretches out over a span of more than 10 years. Twice it was before the Illinois Supreme Court (see 18 Ill. 2nd. 201, 1959) and twice before the United States Supreme Court (see 366 U.S. 82, 1961).

The second time in Springfield, the Illinois Justices divided 4 to 3 against Anastaplo. The late Justice George W. Bristow of Paris, staunchly Republican downstater, blistered the majority for drawing a "distorted picture of applicant." Justice Bristow, in one of the strongest dissents in the history of the Illinois Supreme Court, criticized the narrow majority for depriving Anastaplo of due process "by denying him admission to the bar in the absence of a scintilla of derogatory evidence to mar the substantial record of his good moral character."

In the United States Supreme Court, which also decided against Anastaplo, the scales tipped by the narrowest possible margin. Justice Harlan delivered the five-judge majority opinion, supported by Justices Frankfurter, Clark, Whittaker, and Stewart. Justice Black delivered one of his most vigorous dissents in which Chief Justice Warren and Justices Douglas and Brennan joined.

The dissenters dealt not only with the injustice to George Anastaplo but also with the dangerous implication for the whole of the Bar and for American society in general. Justice Black said in closing:

. . . To force the Bar to become a group of thoroughly orthodox, time-serving, government-fearing individuals is to humiliate and degrade it.

But that is the present trend, not only in the legal profession but in almost every walk of life. Too many men are being driven to become government-fearing and time-serving because the government is being permitted to strike out at those who are fearless enough to think as they please and to say what they think. This trend must be halted if we are to keep faith with the Founders of our Nation and pass on to future generations of Americans the great heritage of freedom which they sacrificed so much to leave to us. The choice is clear to me. If we are to pass on that great heritage of freedom, we must return to the original language of the Bill of Rights. We must not be afraid to be free.

That was a year ago. George Anastaplo, who continues as a graduate student and a lecturer on political philosophy at the University of Chicago, petitioned the Supreme Court, with learning, dignity, and convictions for a rehearing. It was denied. But in a sense, rejected though he was for admission to the Bar, he has won the greater victory in his own

heart and conscience. He has kept faith with himself. And because he has, he could close his rehearing petition with these words:

Petitioner leaves in the hands of the profession — lawyers, law teachers and judges alike — the career he might have had. He trusts he will be forgiven if he retains for himself only the immortal lines of another exile (*Inferno*, xv, 121-124),

"Then he turned back, and seemed like one of those who run for the green cloth at Verona through the open fields; and of them seemed he who triumphs, not he who loses."

The example of Nathan Hale, Revolutionary hero, comes to mind. Because George Anastaplo, son of immigrants from Greece, has given not his life but his career to his country's ideal of freedom of conscience.

THE COMMITTEE

The members of the Committee on Character and Fitness for the First Appellate Court District of Illinois which heard Anastaplo's application for Chicago Bar Association membership and their votes on this matter:

Against Accrediting

D. Robert Thomas, Chairman
Charles A. Bane
Richmond M. Corbett
Walter H. Moses
John M. O'Connor, Jr.
Francis J. Seiter
Len Young Smith
Robert A. Sprecher
Edmund A. Stephan
Jerome S. Weiss
Horace A. Young

For Accrediting

James P. Carey, Jr.
J. R. Christianson
James E. Hastings
George N. Leighton
Edward I. Rothschild,
Vice-Chairman
Calvin P. Sawyer

Dilliard, a writer and lecturer, is known for his practice and defense of civil liberties. He is the former editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch editorial page. His contributions have appeared in many national magazines and he is now an editorial columnist with the Chicago American.

BARNARD

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can I say that they showed zeal for seeing to it that three Negro youngsters and their mother were not suffering from want.

But not just the Pressleys were involved. There are many Negroes in Evanston who, by decent standards, ought to be getting relief, and are not. Indeed, after the publicity on the Pressley suit broke, a number of them asked Mr. Frey to file suits on their behalf. One woman had gone without any food for twenty-four hours—and could not get help because the relief office was closed over the weekend. There was no procedure in Evanston, apparently, for emergency help. Another Negro woman, also abandoned by her husband, told Mr. Frey that she was granted some relief, but was warned that when her expected child was born, she would be cut off. Another woman reported having been told that she must “farm out” her newborn baby if she were to receive any relief.

In January — six months after Mrs. Pressley first applied for help—the case almost came to trial. At this point, Supervisor Happ had a change of heart. His lawyers indicated to Mrs. Pressley's lawyers, then including the Chicago law firm, Mitchell and Conway, that they would like to “settle” the matter. They offered a conference, at which Miss Hilly would submit to interrogation on her relief policies. That conference was held.

It was a sad affair. It showed what the Benton committee had surmised. Relief in Evanston was being administered arbitrarily and capriciously. No standards were being observed. Relief was granted only when and if Miss Hilly decided to grant it.

Mr. Happ then agreed to ask the Evanston city council to conduct an investigation of Evanston's relief needs, as the basis for possible reform. Mr. Happ kept that part of the agreement. At this writing, that is where the matter stands. And Mrs. Pressley, still has not received any help, although by now she has lived in Evanston a year.

One important point that this case developed is that Evanston is not the only “Newburgh” in Illinois, or in other states. A little checking showed that many communities, all over, mishandle relief just this way. They are the smaller, usually well-heeled communities, who do not want poor people, especially Negroes, in their midst. If there are needy persons,

whites or Negroes, these communities prefer that they be in the big cities. This ought to interest big city mayors, like Mayor Daley of Chicago.

Probably the major point is that the township relief setup ought to be abolished. Or, they should be forced to conform to state and federal standards when public assistance is involved. Relief ought not to be a geographical matter. A simple amendment to the Public Relief Act of Illinois, requiring all townships to administer relief funds in accord with statewide standards would correct the system.

Harry Barnard is a biographer, contributor or articles to national magazines, and columnist of independent political comment with the National Newspaper Syndicate. His books include Eagle Forgotten, The Life of John Peter Altgeld, and Rutherford B. Hayes and His America.

ROBINSON

continued from page 15

may ask for identity of another Negro owner on the block. Lending institutions fear a loss of business if they are the first to assist a non-white to obtain financing. Their fears may be well grounded. Realtors who break the rule are subject to fine and expulsion from the real estate board.

Can you give me some specific instances where lending institutions refused to make mortgages?

I could give you many examples. But the applicants involved shun such ‘publicity.’ Of course, I must respect their wishes. A few weeks ago the St. Louis Metroplex TV program on Channel 9 dealing with our urban problems discussed this very point. A guest on the show told of his experiences.

As you know, even the remote possibility of Negroes moving into an all-white neighborhood increases tensions and is often exploited by the less savory elements in our community. Much of this is motivated by fear, unfounded fear, but fear nevertheless. How can we ease those fears, or better yet, how can we stop those fears from arising in the first place?

We must distinguish between fears founded on observable changes and

others spread by ill-will. For example, it is a fact that schools in Negro neighborhoods are overcrowded; that it becomes more difficult to secure good financing for property; that residential areas become more congested. But these changes are not the result of the Negro moving in, but because he is still restricted and has merely enlarged his Ghetto. If Negroes could live anywhere, obviously limitations on financing by financial institutions would be senseless. The same applies to the other fears. The fear that property values decline is not based on fact. Three months ago the *New York Times* presented a study on this very point. The complexity of these social conditions combined with the particular factors present in any one situation forbid any easy generalizations.

We always talk about the ‘foreign policy implications’ of our racial customs and laws. Don’t you agree that a more democratic social policy should, of course, not depend purely on public relations, whether domestic or foreign?

Not quite. Our image in foreign eyes is more than superficial public relations. It creates a public mood which often determines the degree of governmental cooperation. If places such as Trumbull Park and Deerfield in the Chicago area, Creve Coeur in Missouri, and Levittown in Pennsylvania use devices to keep Negroes out of particular communities, they receive widespread publicity not only behind the Iron Curtain but also in Africa and Asia. What can we answer President D’Artegosa of Cuba, who accused the United States in a speech on January 25 of housing discrimination against millions of Negroes? Is it really an apology for us to answer that they do not have parliamentary freedom, that the Philippines may discriminate against the Chinese, that the Hindus fight the Moslems, and that some Negroes discriminate against Puerto Ricans?

Thank you, Mr. Robinson.

P. C. Robinson has been active in real estate for 16 years. A member of the Board of Directors of the National Association of Real Estate Brokers, he has also served on the St. Louis Mayor's Council on Human Relations. Robinson has an A.M. from the University of Chicago and taught at Tuskegee Institute and at Vashon High School, St. Louis.

Key

SENATE BILLS

- A** Protects the right to vote in federal elections from arbitrary discriminations by literacy tests. (S 2750) Appeal from Vice-President's ruling that this bill should be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary and not to the Committee on Rules and Administration. The Appeal was tabled 61-25. (1/30/62).
- B** Presidential nomination of John A. McCone to be Director of Central Intelligence. Confirmed 71-12 (1/31/62).
- C** Authorizes a five-year program of \$2,674,000,000 in federal assistance to institutions of higher education. Amendment authorizing in annual aid (to the states for educational use in elementary and secondary schools) assistance equal to 25% of the federal cigarette tax collected within the state in the preceding fiscal year. Tabled 61-28 (2/6/62).
- D** House bill of assistance to institutions of higher education (HR 8900) amended to include text of above bill. (S 1241) Passed 68-17 (2/6/62).
- E** Discharges the Government Operations Committee from further consideration of President Kennedy's proposal to create an Urban Affairs and Housing Department. Defeated 42-58 (2/20/62).
- F** Amends an earlier bill (which would have given District of Columbia juries choice of death penalty or life imprisonment in first degree murder cases) to abolish capital punishment in the District of Columbia. Defeated 19-63 (3/14/62).
- G** Designation of the former home of Alexander Hamilton in New York City as a national shrine (S.J.R. 29). Substitute amendment was made proposing a constitutional amendment abolishing the poll tax. Objections that this procedure of submitting constitutional amendment was unconstitutional tabled 58-34 (3/27/62).
- H** Amendment to S.J.R. 29 to eliminate the poll tax by statute and not by constitutional amendment. Tabled 59-34 (3/27/62).
- I** Resolution abolishing the poll tax by constitutional amendment as a requirement in federal elections (S.J.R. 29) Passed 77-16 (3/27/62)

Key

HOUSE BILLS

- J** Authorizes a five-year program of \$1.5 billion in federal grants and loans to public and other non-profit institutions of higher education in financing the construction and improvement of academic and related facilities. (HR 8900) passed 319-80 (1/30/62)
- K** Increases the national debt ceiling from \$298 to \$300 billion during fiscal year 1962. (HR 10050) Passed 251-144 (2/20/62).
- L** Disapproves President Kennedy's proposal to create an Urban Affairs and Housing Department. (HR 530) Passed 264-150 (2/21/62).
- M** Authorizes \$262,357,000 for a two-year program of occupational training for the unemployed. (HR 8399) Passed 354-62 (2/28/62).
- N** Authorizes \$25,520,000 in federal matching grants to aid states in planning the development of educational TV and to assist in the construction of transmission facilities. (HR 132) Passed 338-68 (3/7/62).
- O** Recommittal of Public Welfare Amendments of 1962 (HR 10606) to the Committee on Ways and Means with instructions, including others, to omit increase of maximum federal contribution (\$70 per recipient) to grants for Old Age Assistance and Aid to the Blind and Disabled and to replace it with the present \$66 level. Rejected 155-232 (3/15/62).
- P** Places emphasis on rehabilitation of welfare recipients and improved welfare services. (HR 10606) Passed 319-69 (3/15/62).
- Q** Tax Revisions of 1962. (HR 10650) Passed 219-196 (3/29/62).

(This inaugural issue features major bills during the first three months.)

Voting Records of Area Legislators

Senators	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
Paul H. Douglas (D., Ill.)	N	PN	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y
Everett M. Dirksen (R., Ill.)	Y	Y	PN	Y	N	N	Y	Y	Y
Edward V. Long (D., Mo.)	N	Y	AY	PY	Y	Y	Y	N	Y
Stuart Symington (D., Mo.)	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N	Y

Dist. Representatives

Illinois	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q
1 William L. Dawson (D)	A	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
2 Barratt O'Hara (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
3 William T. Murphy (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
4 Edward J. Derwinski (R)	Y	N	Y	Y	N	A	A	N
5 John C. Kluczynski (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
6 Thomas J. O'Brien (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
7 Roland V. Libonati (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
8 Dan Rostenkowski (D)	A	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
9 Sidney R. Yates (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
10 Harold R. Collier (R)	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N
11 Roman C. Pucinski (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
12 Edward R. Finnegan (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
13 Marguerite S. Church (R)	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N
14 Elmer J. Hoffman (R)	PN	N	Y	N	N	Y	N	N
15 Noah B. Mason (R)	N	N	Y	N	Y	PY	A	A
16 John B. Anderson (R)	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N
17 Leslie C. Arends (R)	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
18 Robert H. Michel (R)	N	N	Y	Y	N	Y	N	N
19 Robert B. Chiperfield (R)	A	N	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
20 Paul Findley (R)	N	N	Y	N	N	Y	N	N
21 Peter F. Mack, Jr. (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
22 William L. Springer (R)	A	AN	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N
23 George E. Shipley (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	N
24 C. Melvin Price (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
25 Kenneth J. Gray (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y

Missouri

1 Frank M. Karsten (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
2 Thomas B. Curtis (R)	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	N
3 Leonor K. Sullivan (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
4 William J. Randall (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	N
5 Richard Bolling (D)	Y	Y	N	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
6 W. R. Hull, Jr. (D)	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
7 Durward G. Hall (R)	N	N	Y	N	N	Y	N	N
8 Richard H. Ichord (D)	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
9 Clarence Cannon (D)	Y	Y	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	N
10 Paul C. Jones (D)	Y	N	Y	Y	Y	N	Y	Y
11 Morgan M. Moulder (D)	Y	PN	Y	Y	Y	A	A	Y

Key to Symbols:

Y—Voting for the Bill
N—Voting against the Bill
PY—Paired for the Bill
PN—Paired against the Bill

AY—Announced for the Bill
AN—Announced against the Bill
A—Absent

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